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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

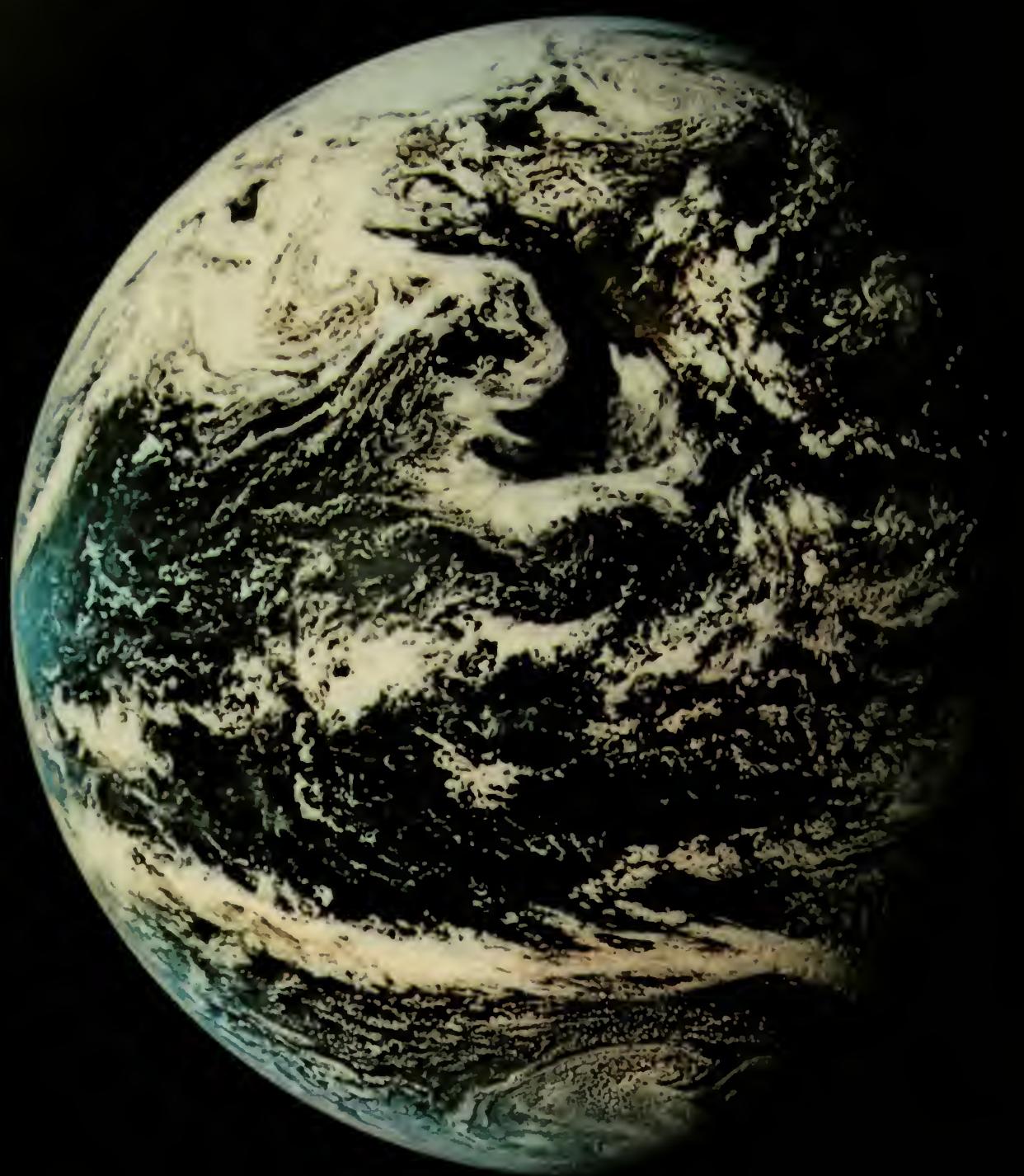
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Together's 1971 Calendar

Special in This Issue: Lost Dominion
A Novelette by Herman B. Teeter



Prayer for Earth

In the beginning, Lord, you gave us this garden Earth.

Out of its deep waters came life. Then you provided air, and life pushed upward. It crept upon the wet land and then the dry land.

You made man in your own image, Lord, to stand up and to have dominion. To watch plants grow and birds fly and streams flow. To feed upon the life-giving goodness which you put here for our sustenance.

You placed us here to plant, cultivate, and harvest—to rule and manage. What a trust you put into our hands! We managed, we built, we used what was here.

Yes, we wasted. But everything seemed so limitless, Lord. Air without bounds, water clear and overflowing, forests primeval, richness in Earth's bowels to be exploited for our comfort and our progress.

With what you put into our hands, Lord, we have built skyscrapers and monuments and automobiles. And tombstones. We fly in the skies, even thrust to the moon and beyond to satisfy curiosity and prove what man can do.

We thought there always would be enough for future generations. What little thought we gave it as we mined and manufactured and engineered!

Wastes ooze into precious waters: Why do your rains not wash the rivers clean?

Murky clouds hover over our cities, obscuring skylines: Are your winds not strong enough to take away the jet exhaust, the auto fumes, the stack smoke?

We scrape mountainsides away: Will not the lush green return next spring?

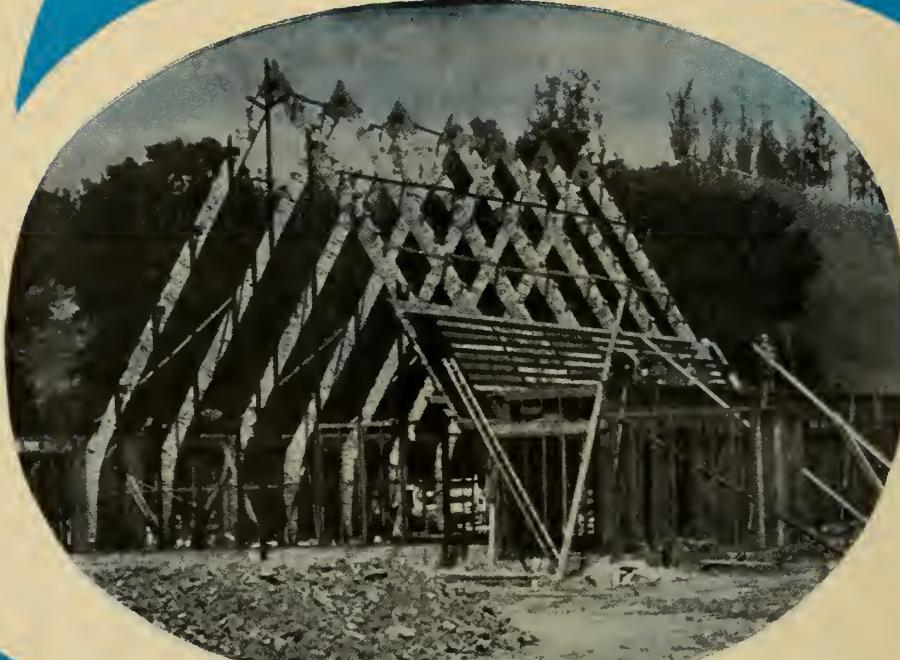
Your prophets told us to be fruitful and multiply, to fill the earth and have dominion. But now there are so many of us! And getting to be more.

What shall we do now, Lord?

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*Together's 1971 Calendar
September 12 First Picture, Lynn Denslow
4th Month by Herman B. Teeter*

The **unearthly** beauty of a blue moon over cattails in a lonly swamp helps set the theme of this special issue devoted to some of the terrifying environmental changes that threaten the health and welfare of future generations. (In fact, this picture could be used to illustrate a number of features in this issue.) But, frankly, "This is a studio picture," writes the photographer, Mr. L. Kadesky of Peoria, Ill., who tells us he is 74. "The cattails were collected in the morning. That night the foreground was placed in front of a background screen and the moon was projected upon this screen." Two exposures were made, Mr. Kadesky adds.

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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

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Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

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Children

OF THE WORLD

Photographs by John Taylor

WHAT KIND of world are we creating for our children? John Taylor, a United Methodist layman who has traveled for almost 20 years as a photographer for the World Council of Churches, helps us to answer that question through his pictures. Not all are pleasant to look at. Many of them tell stark stories of famine, war, human injustice, and natural disaster.

Focusing on human misery, particularly that of children, is not an easy job for a man noted for his sensitive portrayal of people. But in recent years Mr. Taylor has seen the lot of the world's children worsen—so much so, in fact, that there is new urgency in his attempt to stab the consciences of those of us who live in more favored lands.





T

HE FACES of three children mirror the miseries of separate countries. The pleading eyes of the girl above reveal the near-famine that hangs forever over much of India. A starving infant (lower right) is only one victim of a ruthless war in Nigeria. And what will the little Vietnamese girl inherit from the devastation symbolized by a war-torn Saigon cemetery?





NOT ALL of John Taylor's pictures depict the suffering of children as victims of war and want. They speak eloquently, also, of their promise for the future. That promise shines in the alert face of an African schoolboy; he has opportunities for learning and doing that not so long ago would have been denied him.

—Herman B. Teeter

Too Many People... Too Much Garbage



SENATOR JOSEPH D. TYDINGS

A trip that brought U.S. Senator Joseph D. Tydings face-to-face with South America's poverty changed his intellectual awareness into personal feelings of urgency about the world's overpopulation problem. He has continued to study the issue, in the process writing the book *Born to Starve* (William Morrow & Co.). In it he asks whether it may already be too late to help millions of people now doomed to live in poverty, hunger, and despair. The Maryland senator has taken the leading role in considering what political solutions may be appropriate to the problem of too many people. During the 91st Congress, now in its closing days, Senator Tydings introduced the bill which would make comprehensive family-planning services available on a voluntary basis to the 5 million American women who cannot now afford them. Since the senator was defeated in his 1970 reelection bid, his term expires January 1. He was interviewed prior to the November election by Newman Cryer, a Together associate editor.

EARLY IN the interview, Senator Tydings was asked to comment on the relationship between overpopulation and environmental pollution. He responded:

All our pollution problems relate directly or indirectly to too many people. We can only support so many people within any given area. As the number increases, our sewage problems compound, our automobile-exhaust problems compound, our big industrial plants pollute the rivers more.

Take the problem of the increasing need for electric power because of the huge population increase: there is only so much water available to cool nuclear power plants or to be turned into steam to provide electricity. After a while we are going to use up all the fresh water in the country and create serious thermal-pollution problems just cooling nuclear plants or fossil-fuel plants to provide everybody with all the electricity they want.

If our current birth rate persists, we will be 250 million people, and consumption will increase by more than 120 percent in the next 15 years. Stabilizing our population will not automatically restore our environment. But we need to do it because cleaning up our air and water will be markedly more complex and expensive with 250 million people than with the 203 million we have now.

Just how serious is the problem of overpopulation? Is it being exaggerated?

I don't think it is being exaggerated. It depends on whom you're talking to. I'm not a prophet of "doom tomorrow," but I do believe that the predictions of responsible demographers are reasonable. They tell us that unchecked population growth poses a critical threat to both our present standard of living and our future survival. So the population explosion on

this planet represents one of the greatest crises currently confronting mankind. The survival of much of the earth's populace, the realization of man's hopes for peace, and the elimination of human misery will be largely determined by our ability to curb our burgeoning birth rate.

If we continue the present rate of growth in the United States, we are going to have roughly 300 million people by the year 2000. With 100 million more people in this country, the entire quality of life is going to be seriously affected. It already has been seriously affected since World War II, when our population increased by only about 50 million. It is estimated that providing public and private facilities for 100 million new Americans in the next 30 years will require building a second America.

There are people who would merely pour a little oil on the troubled waters, so to speak, and try to ignore the problem, but I think that is a great mistake.

I agree that the scare tactics that have been employed in the past to draw public attention to the population issue must be dropped. Doomsday scenarios merely frighten people and seldom create the proper climate for constructive action. Instead, the public should be informed about the advantages of small families, the link between poverty and fertility, the cost of unchecked population growth in

terms of convenience and public resources such as increased taxes, crime rates, and pollution bills, and the obstacle to development and political stability posed by high birth rates in the developing countries.

I don't believe the problem is insurmountable, but it will take diligence and intelligence to work it out.

You were author of the first bill to put federal money into birth-control information and services, and also the new bill (S. 2108) that would establish family-planning services nationally. Just what would this latter bill do to help the overpopulation problem?

Its purpose is to institute and implement a national family-planning policy which would provide the resources, information, and know-how so that in America every mother, no matter how poor, would be able to determine freely and voluntarily how many children she wants and the time when she will have those children. She will no longer be a victim of fate, as she now is, and thus constantly under the yoke of poverty.

The bill would provide resources to implement this, plus a program to greatly enlarge our scientific knowledge in the field of contraception and reproductive biology. Many of the distinguished witnesses at our hearings indicated that in this area we still are in the dark ages because of lack of research. Our contraceptives at best are primitive—even the pill. And we never have had adequate research in the sociological aspects of reproduction. We don't know why some couples want 10 children and others want only 2 or 3.

Also we tried in the bill to reorganize and put together under one responsibility all the family-planning research and services within the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW). This has been very difficult because of the petty jealousies within the bureaucracy itself.

And the bill will put seed money into university centers in the field of population and reproduction so as to stimulate thought and work and research. There is provision for grants to train persons in the actual dispensing of services wherever a strong program might be set up.

The bill calls for spending a lot of federal money—more than \$88 million the first year. Aren't there already enough programs to do this job?

No, the job is not being done, but it needs to be done. What funds are available in HEW generally are

shunted off into other areas. For instance, the National Institute of Health is primarily concerned with heart, lungs, cancer—the death diseases—and not birth control. Relatively little—perhaps \$15 million—is being spent for population-control research in HEW, whereas more than \$1 billion is being spent on death control.

According to a study conducted for the Planned Parenthood-World Population's Social Science Committee, approximately 5 million women in this country currently desire family-planning services but can't afford them. No more than 1 million of these women—only 20 percent—are being helped currently through all the public and private family-planning programs combined.

You talk in terms of getting birth-control information to women. Isn't it important to get it to men, too?

Yes, yes, yes! and that may be one of the more overlooked aspects of population control—the relative ease with which a man can have a vasectomy performed to prevent the possibility of conception. Of course a part of the problem is that many men look at the number of children they father as a sign of their virility or masculinity, which is sort of silly. But we do need to set up educational programs for men as well as women.

What can you say about abortion laws in this country?

Included in an effective political strategy to stabilize population must be the reform of our abortion laws. If contraception fails, families must have the opportunity within a reasonable and medically safe period of time to terminate unwanted pregnancies. It should not fall within the purview of the state to either compel a woman to have an abortion or constrain her from having an abortion. Such decisions are best left to individual conscience.

Do you see a role for state and local government in dealing with overpopulation?

Yes, they have a major role. One part of our bill is a carrot, in a sense, to stimulate state public-health field-work and research in providing family-planning services, information, and contraceptives to persons in the states. We find that in most states you have a bureaucracy in public health which is dominated by vested interests, just as you have at the federal level. So we are trying to provide seed money to get the family-planning movement going.



"If we are to convince other nations that stabilizing world population is a requisite to global survival . . . we must begin by practicing what we preach."

Will there be need for more federal legislation and, if so, in what areas?

S. 2108 is basically a national family-planning policy. It endorses the concept that every couple should be able to plan and determine the size of their own family themselves. Now the time has come to take a major step forward in the development and implementation of a comprehensive national population policy. This would require a great deal of basic research in the determination of what is an optimum population rate of growth for the country and the means by which to achieve it. This, of course, is an area in which we need a lot more information than we now have. We haven't determined what the magic number is, but we've got to come up with some sort of figure, based on what the land and our limited natural resources, our environment, and our political and economic institutions will support before we end up breeding ourselves into oblivion.

What would be the best kind of incentives to encourage people to have fewer children?

We don't know. That is why I have decided not to endorse such proposals as that made by Senator [Robert W.] Packwood [of Oregon] (although I welcome them because they encourage thought and discussion) which would reduce tax deductions after two or three children. It is conceivable that this kind of economic disincentive might be helpful. Maybe it is something the Congress should consider at some future date in relation to a national population policy, but right at the moment we don't know enough about what sociologically motivates people to know whether or not that would even work.

Are we ready for compulsory programs in population stabilization?

Determining how to stabilize U.S. population is more an issue of philosophy and politics than of biology, and much of the debate has centered on this question of whether population programs should be voluntary or compulsory.

The basic principle governing the disposition of civil liberties in a democratic society posits that the state only gains the right to deprive the individual of freedoms when the exercise of those freedoms constitutes a clear danger to the survival or the well-being of the whole community. State abrogation of such freedoms can occur only after all reasonable alternatives short of compulsion have been tried and found wanting.

The United States has had no previous experience with attempts to slow the birth rate. We have no way of ascertaining yet whether voluntary incentives and public education will be sufficient to stem the population growth that is beginning to threaten us. Until we exhaust the possibilities of effective voluntary programs, recourse to compulsion is inconsistent with our traditional commitment to maximize individual freedom.

What kind of role do you see for the churches on this issue?

It's a tremendous role, primarily an educational role. It is getting the message across to the people in a responsible manner as to what the problem is. At this juncture, the population movement needs the kind of legitimacy and respectability in the public eye that can best be provided by the open endorsements of the churches, business groups, medical associations, elected officials, newspapers, and civic organizations.

We have to take our case to opinion makers throughout the country and win for population stabilization the kind of noncontroversial acceptance that family planning increasingly enjoys. If the churches can make some contribution to this, perhaps it might be as important as anything they might be able to do.

What is your impression of the stance the churches already have taken on family-planning and population controls?

Well, I think it is becoming more and more enlightened. Some of the more conservative bishops in the Roman Catholic Church, of course, are opposed to voluntary family planning and the whole movement in this direction. But by and large the younger priests, particularly in the backward countries, realize how desperately it is needed for their people. In South America you will find a great many family-planning clinics run by Jesuits and even operating out of Catholic churches. Protestant churches, even more so, have been taking the lead in recent years, which is one of the reasons why it is no longer a political liability—at least I think it is no longer a political liability—to espouse family planning and federal aid to family planning.

A lot of people have the idea that the poor produce the most children, and that if middle class couples want to have a lot of children, they can afford it. Is that true?

Well, I think the facts show that although the poor have many children



"It should not fall within the purview of the state to compel a woman to have an abortion or to constrain her from having an abortion."

and as a direct relation are unable to get out of the poverty cycle, the greater part of the population boom is contributed by the middle and upper-class families. But these latter are uniquely subject to educational programs—to getting the facts and realizing the importance of a national population policy. They have to raise skyrocketing tuitions to send their children to college. They know how much it costs to raise a large family.

All the additional social costs associated with population growth can be translated into tax dollars. Every time a child is born in California, for example, the state must set aside a minimum of \$10,000 in additional public resources to provide services for that child until he becomes a self-supporting taxpayer. Given this kind of capital outlay for each additional American, there is every reason to believe that it is less expensive on a per capita basis to slow down population growth than to burden taxpayers with the costs of a larger population.

How do you respond to the resistance of blacks and other minorities to the idea of population control—their complaints that such programs merely limit their growth and hold down their participation in our society?

First you try to get the facts to them. And you enlist the black mothers, who feel rather strongly on this point. Congresswoman Shirley

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Chisholm from New York is very eloquent on this subject. She thinks black women should be able to decide how many children they want. She really destroys the so-called genocide argument, which is rather stupid and sort of demagogic. It is the poor, black mother who suffers most when she has more children than she wants. She can't raise them properly and they never can get out of poverty.

How is overpopulation related to the problem of unequal opportunity?

It's just a frightful relationship. The larger the family (and this we know statistically from a number of scientific research programs), the less likely it is to break out of the poverty cycle. The average level of educational attainment is lower. The average income level is lower, and greater is the likelihood of some sort of delinquency for members of the family.

Assuming that we might be able to make some sort of headway in this country on population control, what about the problem on a global scale?

It is a fantastic global problem. A root cause of the inability of the Alliance for Progress in Latin America to generate the progress its architects envisioned, for example, is the accelerating rate of population growth in most of the countries. Even in countries where government efforts have been sincere and United States assistance competent, population growth has outdistanced increases in agricultural and industrial productivity.

Of course you run into the genocide argument and the nationalistic argument with much more fervor when you get into Latin America and some other places than you do here. I think it is mandatory that we get our own house in order. Then, quietly, through international health programs and multilateral institutions like the World Bank, we can endeavor to get aid to these developing countries. We can't give it to them directly because of political repercussions, but we can get it to them through World Population and other international groups.

How responsive are other nations to this kind of thing nowadays?

It depends on the nation you are talking about. The developing nations that need it the most—with the notable exceptions of India and Pakistan—are not very responsive. This is a difficult issue for their leadership to handle, politically. It is subject to demagogery and misrepresentation, and it takes a courageous public

figure to advocate population control.

If we intend to convince the developing nations as cohabitants of this spaceship Earth that their progress and survival as viable states demands a dramatic drop in their birth rates, it will have to be by example. If we are to convince the nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America that stabilizing world population size is a requisite for global survival, rather than a plot to limit the number of nonwhite peoples, we must begin by practicing what we preach.

In order to do what you are talking about, won't we run into a conflict between individual rights and freedoms and the rights and freedoms of society as a whole?

Yes, and you have to balance them. The individual doesn't have the right to destroy the environment for everyone else. That is why we have the police power of the state, as we have always had. We don't allow a person out on the road to go 120 miles an hour because he may kill someone else. Someday we may reach the point where we may not permit a person to have an automobile with an internal-combustion engine because of the pollution it contributes. We must try to balance the good of the community with individual freedom.

If the population growth cannot be curbed enough, how far can we go toward stretching the earth's resources through such things as desalination of sea water, redistribution of population, and making desert land arable?

Those are all stopgap measures at best. It would be just like reaching for the mop instead of the faucet when the sink is overflowing. What we have to do is attend to the main problem, which is too many people.

We're talking about the quality of life for our children and our grandchildren. That's the whole thrust of the effort to establish a population policy. I want my children to be able to wake up in the morning and walk outside, breathe the air, and be able to say, "Gee, I'm glad I'm alive," not look outside and stay in because of the smog, unable to see the sun or take a deep breath.

I want all children to have fresh water and be able to see the countryside and clean rivers and to enjoy the blessings of our environment that you and I enjoyed when we were children. We have a long way to go just to preserve what we have as of now, let alone restoring the benefits of the environment which we have inherited. □

AFTER Earth Day last April, an 18-year-old girl in Hoquiam, Wash., asked her pastor what more she and her friends could do to help clean up the environment. The Rev. Joe Smith, a Lutheran, helped them work out a project to clean debris from streams in one end of the county.

No matter where you live, it is getting harder not to notice trash-strewn parks and lakes, or dull gray and mustard brown smog hovering over cities and airports. The news media have painted such realistic pictures of environmental pollution that many people are tired of hearing about it.

Scientists are predicting an environment mess that sooner or later will get too big to clean up unless steps are taken now to control it.

Besides the mess we are making, the natural resources of planet Earth are being spent at daily increasing rates. As population grows, the question becomes more pressing: How soon will these resources run out?

Churches Take Action

The big question is, What can one person or a small group do about pollution? Happily, many local groups including churches are joining the battle to protect the environment and fight pollution. What some of them are doing suggests handles for others to use. Educational efforts, clean-up campaigns, court actions, conservation projects, and recycling experi-

A street that had become a dumping ground was transformed into a pleasant thoroughfare when three East St. Louis, Illinois, congregations joined forces in an ecumenical clean-up campaign.



Cleaning Up the Environment

ments all are being tried—with varying degrees of success.

United Methodists of Iowa have set up an environmental stewardship emphasis for churches throughout the state. Through study and action, church members are being made aware of the complexity of pollution problems and ecological imbalance. They are being encouraged to pick up local action projects to help protect the environment.

A call went out to Iowa churchmen to help administer the earth's resources for the sustenance and enrichment of all life, and to help maintain the earth's life-support systems for man's survival in the future. Leaders in a pilot workshop last summer trained local resource persons from all over the state.

Chairman of the program, the Rev. Dennis D. Nicholson, says, "We believe the church can and must play a major role in changing the American mind if solutions to the environmental crisis are to be worked out. It will take the government, industry, and the average citizen, as well as new technologies, to solve the problem. Informed Christians can play an important role in providing the political pressures to stimulate much needed governmental action."

Mr. Nicholson took the lead in his own church (First United Methodist of Mount Pleasant) by turning Rural Life Sunday into an environmental stewardship event. A dialog sermon led to a talk-back session at which members decided to look into the city's practice of burning in the public dump, which is illegal in Iowa. The church's social concerns commission distributed copies of a comic book *Working Together for a Livable Land* (published by the Soil Conservation Society of America) to fourth, fifth, and sixth-graders in Mount Pleasant public schools.

Two denominations have embarked on a joint national campaign, called *Survival in the 70s*, to involve individuals in developing television and radio spot messages to deal with man's capacity to cope with his total environment. United Methodist and United Presbyterian congregations are being invited to set up interest groups related to the campaign.

The timetable calls for local church workshops on the issue in February, March, and April, feedback to denominational divisions of mass media in

the spring, selection of six theme ideas and preparation of scripts in the summer of 1971, production of the radio and TV spots in the fall, and placement for an on-the-air campaign in early 1972.

Harry C. Spencer, executive of the United Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, says, "The purpose is not only to enable clergy and laymen in the churches to determine what, for them, are the priority issues for personal survival in the 1970s, but also to enable local people to take some definite action in relation to the mass-communication media."

Education Center Opens

An example of an educational program that involves bringing people to a single location is the new environmental-education center being operated by United Methodist-related Union College, Barbourville, Ky., under a special use permit in the former Cumberland Gap Job Corps Center. The facilities, made available last July, include 12 completely equipped buildings with dormitories accommodating 150 persons, sheds, and outdoor playing facilities.

A basic activity of the college will be conducting the National Environmental Education Development (NEED) program of the National Park Service, with week-long sessions for groups of fifth and sixth-graders and their teachers. In addition, Union College will conduct workshops and seminars for teachers, public officials, and other adults.

The center's director, Virgil N. Kohlhepp, says, "The most promising aspect of the program is that the public is asking for information now—the gas station attendant, bank teller, Scouts, and parents want to know." The government-sponsored, college-operated, environmental-education center offers conservation education and ecology concepts for the average citizen.

Going a step beyond education, some church groups are finding opportunities to influence public issues. Prior to an important bond election for a city-wide rapid transit system in Seattle, Wash., the University Temple—United Methodist Church was one of three local churches which permitted the city's mayor to interrupt regular Sunday worship services to discuss a plan for cutting down on air pollution by automobiles. The Rev.

Daniel D. Walker, pastor, made room for the appearance because "worship is most truly itself when it leads to responsible action."

Cleveland ministers have become involved in an effort to combat air pollution after it was said to contribute to the deaths of at least 5,000 persons in Ohio in one year. The Rev. Earl H. Cunningham, pastor of the Mount Pleasant United Methodist Church was active in forming a group to influence the Ohio State General Assembly to create pollution districts for policing air contamination at industrial sites. As chairman of the East Ohio Conference general welfare division, he is taking the lead in involving United Methodist churches in efforts to influence legislative bodies at state and local levels to strengthen air and water-pollution ordinances.

St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Orange, Calif., sponsored a *Survival of Man in His Environment* conference. One result was support of a countywide organization to help stamp out smog by enforcing stricter air-pollution standards. The group fought construction of a huge power plant, and church members testified at state Air Resources Committee hearings in Los Angeles. Also, 35 laymen manned a booth at the Orange County Fair sponsored by the Tuberculosis Society and a Stamp Out Smog committee.

Youths of Cross Roads United Methodist Church in Phoenix, Ariz., put pressure on their state legislature to strengthen air and water pollution laws. Following a panel discussion by local experts, 15 of the group, under the leadership of Miss Robin Kreider of the church staff, got more than 5,000 signatures on antipollution petitions. Copies were sent to every Arizona lawmaker and to the state's U.S. Senators and Congressmen.

The Campus Scene

Since Earth Day, part of the scene on several United Methodist-related college campuses has been action-oriented educational programs dealing with the deteriorating natural environment. Students at Drew University, Madison, N.J., organized a local chapter of Zero Population Growth. This touched off formation of a parallel off-campus faculty-citizen group. Theme of the campus group (published on bumper stickers)



If everybody cleaned up his own litter, scenic areas would not be eyesores. Boy Scouts from the San Fernando Council, BSA, combed a California beach near Los Angeles in an antilitter campaign, and the all-aluminum beverage cans they collected were recycled for reuse.

is Make Love, Not Babies—Ban the Population Bomb. An action-for-environment conference at Drew held workshop sessions on such topics as *State Laws and Legal Actions*, *The Federal Role*, and *The Technology of Water Pollution Abatement*.

Former Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall spoke at Albright College in Reading, Pa., for a major convocation on man's relationship to his environment. Lectures and documentary films primed students and the public for action on problems relating to conservation and ecology.

Tennessee Wesleyan College, in Athens, followed an ecology emphasis last spring with a fall convocation on *Faith and Nature*. Speakers addressed such subjects as the correct attitude toward nature and ethical use of natural resources, with emphasis on humanitarian concerns.

Officials of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, have expressed concern for environmental dirtiness by installing \$120,000 worth of new

equipment during the past two years to cut down on smoke pollution.

In other projects, three churches, including St. Paul's United Methodist of East St. Louis, Ill., pitched in, with the help of the Charles Pfizer Chemical Co., to clean up what had become a public dumping ground along a roadway. Prior to the cleanup, the churches distributed leaflets explaining the job. The effort was so successful that further neighborhood cleanups are projected.

Central Bucks County Council of Churches, Doylestown, Pa., organized a broad-ranging interfaith symposium for church people, industry, and the general public. Discussions centered on the role of churches in furthering human and environmental ecology.

On the whole, nonchurch groups probably have attracted more public attention to environmental problems. Massive cleanups of polluted streams have been one approach. Citizens of Sterling Heights, Mich., organized a committee to free the refuse-strewn

Clinton River, which was heavy with old tires, oil drums, beer cans, and tons of miscellaneous junk.

Initiated by the local Rotary Club, the effort involved nearly 2,000 persons for a two-day, dawn-to-dusk project to scrub a 10-mile stretch of river. Chairman Al Martin said the effort had significance because "citizen volunteers are doing something for the community instead of waiting to see what government is going to do about the Clinton River problems."

Girl Scouts who wanted to plant ivy along the banks of New Jersey's Hackensack River initiated a cleanup campaign when they discovered the stream fouled with junk. With the help of their leaders, they mobilized groups on four Saturdays to pull 60 truckloads of rubbish out of the river, including everything from broken shopping carts to old washing machines.

Garden clubs are doing their bit also, to clean up. Sparked by a \$100-

000 grant from Sears, Roebuck & Co., members of the National Council of State Garden Clubs embarked on a nationwide environmental-improvement program. The grant money is being distributed as incentive awards to competing club projects. Typical suggestions range from petitioning for antipollution ordinances to beautification campaigns.

Sportsmen across the nation are being mobilized into a powerful movement to clean up industrial and municipal pollution. One example is the Chattanooga Bass Club, which picked a polluted area of Tennessee's Chickamauga Lake, scheduled a fishing tournament, and invited the public in order to show firsthand how pollution is destroying streams, lakes, and other waterways. In two weekends, the group raised more than \$6,000 to help support court action against 16 Chattanooga area companies, and the City of Chattanooga, which were charged with dumping refuse into the Tennessee River and its tributaries in violation of an 1899 Federal Refuse Act.

The Chattanooga club is a local chapter of the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society, a national organization based in Montgomery, Ala., that made headlines last summer when it filed one of the largest pollution suits in history against 214 companies, after 51,000 acres of prime Alabama fishing waters were closed because of mercury contamination.

Community Action Groups

Different types of community action groups are proving effective task forces in combatting pollution and protecting national resources. Some are church-sponsored or initiated, and others involve citizens in all walks of life. The assortment of structures and tasks being used suggest many handles for church or other citizen groups to grasp.

The Pike County Citizens Association in Kentucky has been fighting companies that strip-mine without sufficient provision for repairing damage to the environment and the people of the region. Opposition to strip-mining built up again in 1970 in eastern Kentucky after conservation groups became convinced that a 1966 law was ineffective in dealing with problems of erosion, stream pollution, and sedimentation resulting from strip-mining in the mountains. The citizens

association estimates that 100,000 acres of land were disturbed by strip-mining in the area from 1965 through 1969.

Hard battle lines have been drawn. Commenting on involvement of the churches, Director Tom Ramsey says, "We have received considerable help from churches outside the region. The local churches, however, have been pretty rigidly against us. Like ministers everywhere who try to get involved in social action, our ministers are smashed by their lay leaders when they begin acting like Christians."

Because a pollution problem is big does not necessarily mean there is no solving it or that citizen participation is unimportant. One of the more dramatic antipollution efforts in recent years has been the clean up of San Diego Bay. Its beginnings go back as far as 1950, with an investigation of sewage-disposal practices in the bay area. In the early 1960s the basic remedy for bay ills came in the form of a \$6 million metropolitan sewage-disposal system for diverting municipal and industrial wastes out of the bay, processing them for treatment, and disposal in the ocean.

An effort was made to clean up the bay for all time and correct problems for neighboring cities even across the Mexican border. Leaders point out that there was no magic formula. "The cleanup was accomplished by groups of truly concerned people working together, and a responsive citizenry," says Dennis A. O'Leary, executive of the California Regional Water Quality Control Board.

Farther north, the continuing fight of citizens to save San Francisco Bay from fill-in and diking has become a symbol of environmental pollution problems faced everywhere in America. After much public pressure, the bay in 1969 was given a new charter to live when the California Legislature acted to control piecemeal land filling. The Bay Conservation and Development Commission was continued, but pressures to fill the bay persist as population in the area rises and developers seek more flat land for homesites, factories, and airports.

The pollution rate is being slowed down by reclaiming materials that otherwise would be burned or thrown away, or that would take up space as

garbage. One survey found that more than half of the rubbish collected and transported to city dumps is paper and wood fiber that could be reused. The irony is that now a high price is paid to collect and dispose of all this refuse.

Reclaiming Used Materials

Recycling projects have been started for worn-out tires, aluminum cans, glass bottles, and even garbage. Glass manufacturers and at least one aluminum company have conducted experiments to reclaim bottles and all-aluminum cans.

Two New Jersey towns have adopted ordinances to prohibit placing newspapers in garbage cans. One company working to reclaim newsprint is the Garden State Paper Company of Garfield, N.J. Local organization members including church people volunteer labor, and some municipalities are donating trucks for collecting paper one Saturday each month.

Recycling old newspapers is one way of saving forests. The importance of this kind of salvage is illustrated in an experiment of the *San Francisco Examiner*, which doubled collections of old papers in one week during a special collection drive. For every ton of reclaimed paper, the necessity of cutting down 17 trees to produce new paper is eliminated. Domestic consumption of newsprint is now about 9.7 million tons a year, requiring the logging of 100 million trees annually.

A black-owned and operated company, the West Side Community Paper Stock Corporation, recycles waste paper in the Chicago area. In the process it builds black economic power in one of the city's large ghettos. The company was launched with a guaranteed loan by Container Corporation of America and, at the time of its establishment, was the largest recycler of paper in the country.

Boy Scouts from the San Fernando Valley Council cleaned a California beach as part of a Reynolds Metals Company aluminum-can antilitter program. The company paid 10¢ a pound or 1 1/2¢ for each can. The Los Angeles program was expanded to other cities having an abundance of aluminum beverage cans.

Participating in an industry-wide program of the nation's glass container manufacturers, the Ball Corpo-

ration in Mundelein, Ill., pays 1/2¢ for each used bottle, or 1¢ a pound, to local groups who collect and sort the bottles by color. Up to 500,000 bottles a week were collected in a pilot project in the Los Angeles area. Waste bottles and jars are crushed into cullet, an ingredient in making new bottles.

Residents in the Traverse City, Mich., area were enlisted to alert one of five local automobile dealers in a pilot project to retrieve junked and abandoned cars for a recycling test by General Motors Corporation. After certification that a car could be disposed of, it was transported to an auto-wrecking yard at no cost to its owner or possessor. Cars were then picked up at the scrapyard, processed, and usable material transported to foundries.

A concerned individual is not without power to do something about improving the environment. One man who believes this is John Hawkinson, a 57-year-old white-haired Chicago naturalist. He regularly takes kids from the city out to walk oak-shaded forest paths and to visit ponds and prairies around the southern end of Lake Michigan. He teaches them that the wonders of nature are for everybody and gives them the story of the geology of the lake. Meanwhile he fights continuing man-made encroachments upon the priceless Indiana Dunes area, much of which already has been gobbled up by industry.

In this age of space flight, we Earth people have become aware that we really are passengers on a space ship. It is somewhat like being afloat in mid-ocean with limited supplies. Choices must be made as to whether food, air, and water are to be squandered to satisfy immediate cravings, or husbanded so that life on this planet may last a longer time for more people.

This being the case, Grandmother's habit of saving things like pieces of string, wrapping paper, used jars and cans is beginning to make sense again. But it will take the influence of many groups to change America's packaging habits and develop a new attitude toward keeping the mess we make of the environment to manageable proportions.—Newman Cryer

What One Person Can Do

FEW INDIVIDUALS are without power to do something specific about protecting the environment from further pollution. At a basic level, a person can avoid being a polluter himself. Here are some suggestions environmentalists make to help combat pollution's threat.

Buy a smaller, less powerful car. Use lead-free gasoline. If you commute, fill your car with passengers. Walk short distances, or ride a bicycle as much as possible.

Buy only phosphate-free detergents that are biodegradable.

Buy beverages that come in returnable bottles. Collect throwaway glass and aluminum containers and turn these in for recycling.

Make compost of leaves and other organic wastes for gardening. Raise vegetables and fruits at home.

Use less water and electricity.

Reduce use of plastic materials. Use cloth towels and napkins, and save Christmas wrappings, string, and boxes for reuse.

Put all litter in receptacles for transfer to disposal areas.

Wear apparel not made of products of endangered wildlife species such as alligator hide, leopard skin, and feathers.

Take a reusable tote bag when you shop.

Stop using pesticides such as DDT, aldrin, dieldrin, heptachlor, endrin, lindane, and chlordane.

Limit your family to two children; if you want more, adopt them.

Turn down the volume on your radio, phonograph, and television.

Individuals can fight pollution at another level by exerting personal influence. There are many opportunities, and everyone has some power of influence. Here are some possibilities.

Keep yourself informed about environmental problems.

Write letters to newspapers and magazines, calling attention to pollution problems and suggesting ways to approach solutions.

Complain to store managers about excessive packaging materials.

Write airlines to protest jet noise and lack of engine pollution-control devices.

Encourage state, local, and national legislators to sponsor tougher legislation to cut down on all forms of pollution.

Become active in family-planning and voluntary population-control groups.

Talk with school administrators about putting environmental education courses in your school systems.

Complain to the management of companies contributing to air, water, and other forms of pollution. Find out what they are doing to clean up, especially companies in which you own stock.

Find out if sewage treatment facilities in your town are adequate.

Vote for bond issues that support pollution control.

At still a third level, individuals can help by taking part in community groups to initiate action. Such strategies may include:

Set up citizen watchdog committees to monitor industrial smoke, waste water, and other environmental hazards.

Push for development of urban trails for bicycling, horseback riding, and hiking. (Get *Planning for Urban Trails*, by Mary E. Brooks, \$5. American Society of Planning Officials, 1313 East 60th Street, Chicago, Ill. 60637).

Start or join groups to combat ocean spills, stripmining, and industrial takeovers of park, recreation, and forest areas. Attend and speak at public hearings on pollution-control legislation.

A good resource is *Community Action for Environmental Quality*, 60¢. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. □

Board Meetings: No Shouts But Plenty of Askings

Confrontations were passe but polite requests for money—and equally polite delays until the money comes in—were typical orders of the day as several United Methodist boards and agencies conducted recent annual meetings.

Board-by-board summaries of actions follow:

Board of Missions: Largest of the denomination's general boards, Missions also received the largest requests for funds. Requests totaling \$1.2 million from caucus and special-interest groups, mainly representing minorities, were referred to a special February meeting of the board's National Division. The requests were above and beyond the division's 1971 budget.

The board, through its three divisions—National, World, and Women's—appropriated \$35.3 million for 1971. This was down \$1.2 million from 1970.

A certain decentralization was apparent in Missions decisions. On financial matters, for example, the board endorsed study seminars on investments to examine social implications of financial policies. On involvement of church members, the board approved conversations across the church with local people around the subject of missions. And in church extension the National Division approved a shift in its role from one in which staff members start new congregations to one in which they train other ministers to do so. Aim of this change, it was explained, is to increase numbers of new churches.

The World Division budgeted support in 1971 for almost 100 fewer missionaries than in 1970. Declines will come from retirements rather than from withdrawal of missionaries.

Commission on Religion and Race: Direct beneficiary of a reduction in several other agencies' budgets ordered by the 1970 General Conference, this commission adopted guidelines for disbursing the "minority group self-determination fund."

Guidelines include recognition of four ethnic caucuses within United Methodism—Negro, Indian,

Hispanic-American, and Asian-American—and allowing grants to both church and secular projects, with priority to the former.

Reductions ordered in budgets for 1971 and 1972 are expected to yield about \$4 million to this fund.

Board of Publication: Despite a \$1.3 million net loss for fiscal 1970 in operations of The Methodist Publishing House, the board voted a \$1 million appropriation from capital for ministers' pensions. This continues a practice of several years' standing, though normally the appropriation is from profits.

Board of Christian Social Concerns: In its only resolution the board called for abolition of the seniority system by which congressional committee chairmen are chosen. The board called the seniority system undemocratic and advocated instead that House and Senate committees be permitted to elect their own chairmen.

The board also accepted the draft card of a United Methodist theological student for forwarding to his selective service board as a symbol of his resistance to the draft. The board agreed to accept similar requests from other United Methodists who want their protest accompanied by an "official statement such as support of conscientious objectors or of those who engage in nonviolent resistance to the draft."

Board of Health and Welfare Ministries: At the request of a number of hospitals and homes related to it, the board adopted guidelines on labor matters.

The guidelines recognize the right of collective bargaining but emphasize that services to patients and clients must be maintained without interruption. "Church-related institutions can be and should be superior in all respects to their nonsectarian counterparts," the guidelines stated.



Hispanic-American groups were heard twice during recent Board of Missions sessions in Los Angeles. Sharing the microphone during one presentation were the Rev. Leo Nieto of San Antonio, Texas, a Hispanic-American staff member in the board's National Division, and Mrs. W. W. Harrington of Omaha, Nebr., Women's Division president.

CHURCH ETHNIC GROUPS OPPOSE STRONGER TIES

A Commission on Religion and Race-sponsored consultation of ethnic minorities recently resulted in opposed stronger ties among four groups of United Methodists.

Representatives from the church's Black, Indian, Hispanic, and Asian-American caucuses also called on each other to work for self-empowerment.

The two-day meeting heard the groups talk freely about their weaknesses and what they termed "failures to be recognized as equals in the church." Their conclusion, though they accused the church of neglecting them, was to set into perspective their own destinies within the church.

Some 110 persons, including a core of white church leaders who were invited primarily to listen, had each group share much of cultural history. Open meetings were followed by work groups in which some weaknesses of ethnic minorities and the church's failure to be of help were discussed.

In these group discussions members pursued such suggestions as "integrated churches are not our aim, only authentic churches," and "recting our people's well-being more essential than combating sins of a racist nation or church." Some concern was expressed about the lack of ethnic participation on national and regional levels of the church.

Recommendations from the various groups to the commission included: improved channels of communications to better acquaint the church with ethnic problems; larger representation on general boards and agencies of the church; an ethnic coalition; and use of ethnic worship patterns at General Conference sessions and in the next annual.

Among major speakers was Bishop Roy C. Nichols of Pittsburgh, Pa., who told the groups to keep the institutional church and work through it. His remarks were well received by many but not so well by more militant factions.



Time: 2 p.m. Place: Albuquerque, N.Mex. United Methodist pastor B. C. Goodwin, Jr., begins his monthly 24-hour shift on the police chaplaincy by checking with Sgt. Pete Baca of the motorcycle squad. Major duties include notification of death of persons killed in accidents, or ministry to threatened or attempted suicides. "The hospital emergency room is a common sight for us," said Mr. Goodwin, one of five United Methodists in the 36-member chaplaincy. The program, in service more than a year, uses a car provided by a dealer. Donations pay expenses.

GOOD NEWS, VIRGINIA; CHILDREN GIVE MORE

Yes, Virginia, there is occasional good news when the subject is church money.

You and all the other little Virginias and Tommies and Johnnies and Susies are giving more money each year to the United Methodist Children's Fund for Christian Missions.

The fund is only six years old. It began in 1964 in the former Methodist Church, and during 1969-70 you and your little friends gave more than \$100,000.

This is the only United Methodist fund specifically for children. Your teachers have encouraged you to give because this is one way you can share with others.

Thank you, Virginia, for helping make news good.

'GAPITIS' REPORTED OVER CHURCH GIVING

One calls it "benevolent isolationism." Another calls it the "giving gap." Someone else says the slogan is "Don't support anything more than 30 miles from home!"

These are all comments on the generally poor state of giving to church causes, specifically United Methodist mission enterprises.

The Rev. Joe W. Walker, who heads an eight-man staff of gift cultivators for the Board of Missions, says the downturn in giving to General Advance Specials is caused more by the national economic picture and by anti-institutionalism than by any disagreement with church programs.

General Advance Specials are gifts by United Methodist individuals, churches, and groups to world missions, national missions, and overseas relief in which the donor designates his gift to a specific project. The entire gift goes to the designated project, with nothing taken out for expenses.

The trend in this one category of giving—not including any other giving—is toward "benevolent isolationism," says Mr. Walker. Even in these times, though, the General Advance Special "can serve as a focus for members and congregations where they can see with clarity at least a portion of the total mission enterprise," he added.

In still another category—the denomination's basic World Service Fund—both the trend and the dollar amounts were down sharply in 1970. World Service has a \$25-million goal for the year, and just over half that goal had been met by the end of September, or three-fourths of the year.

Denomination officials mentioned the "giving gap" and the "nothing over 30" slogan but called on members to continue supporting general church benevolences "where the church can get much more mileage out of its money."

Announced for 1971 is a new format for World Service Leaflets, with 18 million circulation one of the denomination's most widely circulated printed resources.

The Leaflets are issued six times a year to tell of the World Service fund, its goals and work. Themes for issues planned in January, February, and April are reconciliation, ecumenicity, and the generation gap. Leaflets are distributed free to churches requesting them.

DUE-SOON STUDY PROBES CHURCH SCHOOL FLUX

What factors contribute to the growth or decline of church schools? Attempting to find out, the United Methodist Board of Education launched a major church-school study project last May scheduled for completion in January, 1971.

According to a report by the committee conducting the study, the project stemmed from concern of board officials over loss of membership and attendance in United Methodist church schools and reduced curriculum resources sales.

The study focused on two areas: (1) persons related to church school and how it affects their beliefs, participation in the Christian community, and their commitment; and (2) the local church, its environment, and factors contributing to or detracting from the effectiveness of the church school.

In gathering data the committee

examined pastors' statistical records and studies made by other denominations and other United Methodist boards and agencies. Committee members also turned to members of seminary faculties, pastors, and annual-conference administrators for insights into local-church education ministries.

According to the project director, the Rev. Warren J. Hartman of the Division of the Local Church, first responses indicate that pastors feel "that teachers more than anyone else do the most to encourage regular attendance at church school and to recruit new students."

Attention was drawn recently to the church as an educating institution by Charles E. Silberman, author of *Crisis in the Classroom* (Random House, \$10). In his study of public schools he noted that education is not restricted solely to schools and colleges. Proper weight, he said, must be given to all educating institutions in American society, including churches and synagogues.

United Methodists in the News

The Rev. G. Glenn Mingledorff, pastor of Belmont United Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn., has been named president of United Methodist-related Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., effective December 1.

Elected bishop of the 82,000-member autonomous Methodist Church of Korea is the Rev. Chang Duk Yun, pastor of Zion Church in Seoul.

The Rev. Jack J. Early is resigning as president of United Methodist-related Pfeiffer College in Misenheimer, N.C., to become executive director for educational affairs of the American Bankers Association.

Recipients of the St. George Award, presented by Old St. George's United Methodist Church in Philadelphia, Pa., are Bishop Roy H. Short of the Louisville (Ky.) Area; Dr. Richard V. Moore, president of United Methodist-related Bethune-Cookman College; and Mrs. D. Dwight Grove, secretary of the United Methodist Judicial Council.

Dr. Alan Walker, widely known in the United States, is new president of the Methodist Church in New South Wales, Australia.

Dr. J. Edward Carothers resigned as associate general secretary of the Board of Missions National Division to become executive director of an American task force on *The Future of Mankind in a World of Science-Based Technology*, cosponsored by the Na-

tional Council of Churches and Union Theological Seminary in New York. An 11-member search committee was named to nominate a successor.

The Southeastern Jurisdiction College of Bishops accepted a request for early retirement for health reasons from Bishop Paul M. Herrick of the Richmond Area for no later than December 20. Bishop William R. Cannon was named to administer the Richmond Area as well as the Raleigh (N.C.) Area for the rest of the 1968-72 quadrennium.

Burton W. Marvin, former member of the Commission of Public Relations and United Methodist Information, was named associate dean of United Methodist-related Syracuse University school of journalism.

New appointments in The Methodist Publishing House announced by John E. Procter, newly elected president and publisher, include Donald A. Theuer, executive vice-president and general manager, manufacturing division; the Rev. W. T. Handy, Jr., vice-president, personnel and public relations; Thomas K. Potter, Jr., vice-president, publishing division; and Thomas E. Carpenter, vice-president, Cokesbury division. Retiring executives include Lovick Pierce as president and publisher; Cecil D. Jones, executive vice-president; H. Carl Compton, vice-president of sales; and E. Forrest Waters, vice-president of manufacturing.

RELIGION IN APPALACHIA TIME FOR TURNING AROUND

Organized religion in Appalachia has some turning around to do both in program and in funding.

This was apparent during the recent annual meeting of the mission on Religion in Appalachia (CORA). Organized in 1965, CORA is a joint Protestant-Roman Catholic effort to serve basic needs of Appalachian people.

Continued United Methodist support to CORA was pledged in a deed by denominational representatives at the Montreat, N.C., meeting. The group agreed Appalachia-area United Methodist bishops should meet soon to discuss how the area's true needs can be met. Group members also pledged to seek more local funds for CORA. (Most of the \$31,700 United Methodists have contributed to CORA in 1970 came from general church sources.)

In a keynote address Dr. D. C. Brewer of Emory University warned CORA members that pre-religious and other institutional structures in Appalachia tended to be more of a stumbling block than a solution to the area's problems.

The church must stop pouring its money down "ecclesiastical ratholes" or forms of mission have long since been outdated, Dr. Brewer went on. He called "a massive program of repatriations" for Appalachia.

In a surprise move, 23 members of CORA's collegiate staff—specialists who work full time in CORA-related projects—pledged to their CORA denominations to begin to take CORA seriously. In a lengthy "statement of concern" the group said, "We ask for both a rethink of current mission strategies and an increase in dollar support."

In CORA elections Dr. John Bischoff of United Methodism's Kentucky-Bird Mission in Beverly, Ky., was reelected as treasurer. Kentucky Bishop Roy H. Short was elected member-at-large. Other officers include an Episcopalian chairman and a Southern Baptist vice-chairman.

CORA programs include setting up "encounter" sessions on social, economic, and political issues of the region; research, and experimentation with specific rural community development and economic self-help projects. CORA also provides experts (economists, community organizers, for example) for specific projects on request.

(METHING TO THINK ABOUT: HOW ABOUT RELIGION?

religion popped up as the predominant subject in two recent research projects—in one as something to think about and in the other as a subject of personal bias in school religion courses.

When a University of Louisville psychologist asked 3,416 people what they were thinking about during the preceding five minutes, he found that the average person thinks about religion twice as many times a day as he does about sex. Age makes a difference, noted Dr. Paul D. Cameron. While young adults (18-25) think about sex once every 10 minutes and religion once every 25, people over 65 think about sex once an hour and religion once every 10 minutes.

Middle-aged people think about sex every 35 minutes and religion every 15, but Dr. Cameron added that they also think as often about their pets as they do about sex.

Among other findings he noted that people are happier at the beach where they aren't thinking about money, and women are more often happy at work than men. Admitting that his survey probably had no immediate significance for science, Dr. Cameron said he was most interested in knowing "what people think about."

What some educators think about their personal religious beliefs and take for granted was the basis of another survey by Alan Gorr, a doctoral candidate at the University of Iowa.

According to Mr. Gorr, educators who design "supposedly objective" high-school courses on world religions often unconsciously tend to show bias toward Western civilization.

Such concepts as "church membership" and "nature of the deity," he argued, are primarily Judeo-Christian although some consider them universal. A model curriculum would not try to define one religion in terms of another, he stated.

Mr. Gorr based his conclusions on responses on world-religion courses from 1,780 high schools. Using his own criteria for a model curriculum, he plans to submit guidelines for the religious curricula in these schools.



These women symbolize the recent merger of two United Methodist community centers in Fort Worth, Texas. Bethlehem Community Center had traditionally been opened to blacks, while Wesley Community Center was opened first for whites then, as the neighborhood changed, for Hispanic-Americans. With the encouragement of the Board of Missions' National Division, the centers have merged into United Community Centers, Inc., whose 27 directors will include at least 12 persons from the neighborhoods in which the centers are located. Operation under one budget, staff, and board will begin in January. From left are Mrs. H. H. Cross, Mrs. J. R. Emanuel, Miss Josephine Beckwith (formerly executive director at Bethlehem and acting head of the merged center), Mrs. Mary Lou Lopez, and Mrs. James McMullin.

ECUMENISTS CELEBRATE LOCAL, WORLD FEATS

Ecumenical gestures recently ranged from Middle American suburbia to world churchmen and from a 50-year success story to a futuristic "maybe," and United Methodists were involved in them all.

In the St. Louis, Missouri, suburb of Bridgeton the Women's Society of Christian Service and Methodist Men of Marvin Park United Methodist Church cosponsored a father-son dinner to present a community-wide humanitarian award to a Jewish merchant.

Dave Markovitz, owner of a supermarket, was cited for, among other things, being "always available" to churches "when they call on him for help or assistance." Dinner guests included a Roman Catholic priest, a Lutheran pastor, and three former ministers of the host church.

In Washington, D.C., United Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord was among 65 national Protestant and Orthodox leaders to receive first editions of the Roman Catholic Church's *New American Bible*. The gifts were made in "recognition of the firm bonds of Christian unity that lie within the sacred Scriptures." Bishop Lord was recognized as president of the United Methodist Council of Bishops.

In Hot Springs, S.Dak., members

of The United Churches celebrated 50 years of ecumenism dating from the summer of 1920 when the town's Methodists invited their Presbyterian and Baptist fellow citizens to join in worship services. These proved so successful that the members decided to continue the co-operative organization, "one," as they explain it, "in the local community and three in the eyes of state and national organization."

In marking the first half-century, officials noted that few changes had been made in rules drawn up by a committee in 1920. Membership on boards and committees is drawn equally from the three denominations. Ministers are called in denominational rotation, and each new man is given a five-year minimum pastorate, after which he is subject to annual election. The congregation erected a new building in 1956.

The Consultation on Church Union, which proposes to unite nine denominations along many of the same lines perfected in Hot Springs, recently announced that the period for study, criticism, and suggested changes in its Plan of Union has been extended to June 1, 1972. Original deadline was late 1971.

Consultation officials said the extension was granted after regional meetings with denominational officials revealed that the original study period was too short.

Higher Education: Costs Rise, But Aid Is Available

With annual increases in college-tuition costs, more United Methodists are inquiring about scholarship and loan assistance from the church. Recent cutbacks in federal loans to college students have also accelerated anxieties.

Are such loans and scholarships available in the church? The answer: yes, several.

Since 1872 the church has had some kind of fund to assist its college students, beginning with the Methodist Student Loan Fund. In 1945 the National Methodist Scholarships became a reality. The two funds continue as the church's most productive and popular.

The Methodist Student Loan Fund has helped some 100,000 Methodist students from resources totaling \$25 million. Most of the money has come from Methodist Student Day offerings (usually the second Sunday in June) and bequests of various kinds.

Any United Methodist student registered as a full-time degree candidate, including summer study, in an accredited institution of higher learning may apply for a loan. Applicants must be citizens of the United States and members of The United Methodist Church for at least one year prior to application.

A college-enrolled applicant is required to have a grade average of C or better during the semester or quarter immediately preceding application. A first-semester freshman must have had an average of B or better for his senior year of high school.

\$4,000 Loan Limit

As of the academic year 1970-71, students can borrow up to \$4,000 during their entire educational program. Previously, \$3,000 was the limit. The scale ranges from \$500 a year for freshmen to \$700 for seniors. Nursing students can get up to \$500 annually, and graduate students, including seminarians, \$750.

Money borrowed must be repaid in monthly installments starting not later than six months after graduation. Interest is computed at 3 percent annually from the date the loan is granted until the note is paid in full, and the repayment period cannot exceed six years.

Any student wishing to apply for a loan should contact the Methodist loan officer at the institution in which he is registered or the dean's

office. At state and independent colleges and universities the Wesley Foundation director usually is the contact person.

National Methodist Scholarships, with maximum value of \$500 per year, are available at most United Methodist colleges and universities.

Requirements for these scholarships are much the same as for Methodist loans except that recipients must have graduated in the upper 20 percent of their high-school classes with at least a B average. Students other than freshmen must have earned an average grade of B or better for the preceding year.

9,000 in 25 Years

As in the case of the loan fund, persons wishing to apply should contact the scholarship officer at their intended school. More than 9,000 United Methodist students have received benefits from the scholarships since 1945.

Smaller in assets but still of assistance to United Methodist students is the Crusade Scholarship program which annually helps about 100 students on both undergraduate and graduate levels. Recipients receive grants based upon need, program of study, and available finances from the Women's Division of the Board of Missions.

The denomination also has some scholarship funds reserved for its ethnic minorities. Several boards and agencies of the church offer scholarships to Hispanic, Indian, Asian, and black students.

By action of the 1970 General Conference, \$1 million was made available to the 12 black United Methodist-related colleges for loans and scholarships for their students.

Graduate students can get help from the Bishop James C. Baker Graduate Awards program which provides from \$500 to \$2,500. Comparable amounts also may be obtained through Cokesbury Graduate Awards for students going into college teaching. For training directors in Christian education, the John Q. Schisler Award can be tapped. It has a \$1,000 value.

For graduate students in journalism, the Ralph Strody Fellowship with an annual \$3,000 ceiling is available.

Probably the largest United Methodist scholarship fund on the graduate level is the Harry R. Kendall Fund. Almost \$1 million has

been invested in students from a fund, primarily for students who are preparing for future careers with agencies to help disadvantaged blacks. [See *It Makes a Dollar Do the Work of Many*, April 1970, page 12.]

Several United Methodist schools have scholarships that yearly unnoticed. Most such funds come through school ties such as memorials and trusts. Requirements for these are quite varied. Best here is to make contact with school official and find out what the requirements are.

Information about United Methodist aid can be obtained by writing the Office of Student Loans and Scholarships, Board of Education, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

One note of caution: because the large number of requests, it is important to place applications well in advance.—James Campbell

CENTURY CLUB

Two retired ministers are among our new Century Club members this month.

Mrs. Annie Barton, 100, Needham, Mass.

The Rev. D. K. Burnham, 100, Chula Vista, Calif.

The Rev. Thomas Charlesworth, 100, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Edith Hatch, 100, Monticello, N.Y.

Mrs. C. W. (Mary) Slack, 100, Sturgis, Mich.

Mr. P. L. Stephens, 100, Elizabeth City, N.C.

Mrs. Cora Sutton, 100, Green Bank, W.Va.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location, where a member.

Films & TV

TO THE dismay of English teachers everywhere Ebenezer Scrooge remains the best known of all the characters created by Charles Dickens. Written in 1843 as a minor piece among a collection he called the Christmas Books, Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* was a lighthearted exercise which the author described in his preface as a "Ghostly little book to raise the Ghost of an idea."

This idea has guaranteed the wide public appeal of Scrooge for this miserly old bachelor stands through the decades as the personification of negativism at Christmas, the dark side of human nature so blind to its own selfishness that it fails to see the beauty and love of such sweet spirits as Tiny Tim and his patient, kind father, Bob Cratchit.

In his better and more serious writing, Dickens was a severe social critic, utilizing his novelistic skills to focus attention on the prisons, child neglect, and general insensitivity to human need that characterized 19th-century England. In *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens chose to enjoy himself, setting up impossible contrasts between the complete meanness of Scrooge and the perfect altruism of Bob Cratchit. Still, while the social perceptiveness of *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, and *Our Mutual Friend* remains largely unnoticed, the public continues to relive the repentance of Ebenezer Scrooge, who relinquishes his humbug attitude after a night-long confrontation with his sad past, stingy present, and doomed future.

Film versions of this little tale have tended toward seriousness, with touches of horror, when the ghosts come to call. But now, in *Scrooge*, the latest film adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*, Ebenezer Scrooge is portrayed with the right amount of suspended belief and happy acceptance of life that Dickens originally intended.

With Albert Finney in the title role, this is perhaps the best adaptation because it comes to us as a musical, a cinematic form that best fits the lighthearted mood of the Dickens original. Better yet, it is a good musical. Its musical numbers fit the scene from which they grow and appropriately continue the dramatic narrative, unlike some musicals that toss in singing and dancing as interludes between dull developments.

English teachers won't be helped in their effort to make 20th-century filmgoers recall Dickens as an important novelist and social critic, so they might as well accept the universal appeal of this sentimental Christmas story and enjoy the fun. Finney, a 33-year-old British actor who hasn't had a popular success since *Tom Jones* in 1963, establishes himself early in the film as the old man everyone loves to hate. But after the three ghosts have convinced him that selfishness is not so attractive as self-giving, Finney becomes the lovable benefactor Tiny Tim needs to cure the strange illness that has crippled and threatens to kill him.

Dickens' original story is so easy to read that some families might want to enjoy it together before seeing this film version. The opening scenes are straight from Dickens, a reminder that his sharp wit etched character with dialogue. As Jacob Marley and then the three



The eerie ghost of his partner Jacob Marley, played by Alec Guinness, confronts Ebenezer Scrooge (Albert Finney) in a scene from *Scrooge*, the latest film treatment of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*.

ghosts appear, the picture takes some license with Dickens, especially in a rather awkward hell scene. But the mood remains more true to the original than any of the previous media incarnations—a list that includes six feature films, a television special, Lionel Barrymore's long-running radio version, and even a Mr. McGoo animation.

Parents with small children should be aware that this is, after all, a ghost story. The apparitions that visit Scrooge touch children at a most vulnerable point—unknown (and fearsome) visitors coming in the dark to the bedroom. Older children will sense the good humor of the picture, but smaller viewers may not. I would consider *Scrooge* excellent entertainment for third grade up.

—James M. Wall

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Dec. 20, 8:30 p.m., EST on NET—*A Kuklapalitan Christmas*.

Dec. 20, 8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*The Great Santa Claus Switch*. Original musical starring Art Corney and the Muppets.

Dec. 20, 8:30 p.m., EST on NET—*The Nat So Solid Earth*.

Dec. 23, 10:11 p.m., EST on NET—*The Plot to Overthrow Christmas*.

Dec. 24, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: *Story Theater*.

Dec. 24, 11:15 p.m.-1 a.m., EST on CBS—Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant religious specials.

Dec. 25, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—S. Hurok Presents: David Oistrakh and Sviatoslav Richter.

Dec. 25, 7:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna* (Leonard Bernstein and Vienna Philharmonic).

Dec. 26, (time to be announced) on NBC—Children's Theater.

Dec. 27, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—Young People's Concert: *A Copeland Celebration*. Salutes the great composer on his 70th birthday.

Dec. 27, 8:30 p.m., EST on NET—Kuklo, Fron, and Ollie: *Should Auld Ollie Be Fargat*.

Dec. 27, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on NET—*The World We Live In: Other Planets, No Place Like Earth*.

Dec. 28, 9-11 p.m., EST on ABC—News Special: *The American Adventure*.

Dec. 30, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST on NET—Final program in *Civilization* series: *Heraic Materialism*.

Dec. 31, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: *Five Tomorrows*.

Jan. 8, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*The World of the Beaver*.

Jan. 15, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Elephant Country*.

Think of the Generations to Come

INSTEAD of just talking about pollution, students at United Methodist-related Westmar College in Le Mars, Iowa, decided to do something about it. Their action was more or less symbolic, but it did raise the issue.

Members of the homecoming committee banned the traditional homecoming bonfire because they felt it added unnecessarily to air pollution. Instead, students beat up an old car with sledgehammers. They also cleaned up the campus and took the refuse to a landfill area for a dumping ceremony.

Not all the students were happy about doing away with an established college tradition, the bonfire (which contributed relatively little to atmospheric pollution), but the larger problem of environmental destruction was dramatically highlighted.

The pollution issue has been a bonanza in recent months for all communications media. Television, magazines, newspapers, and radio all have dramatized well the story of man making a mess of his planet. It is difficult to understand how anyone, on the eve of 1971, could be unaware that man's very survival is at stake.

Some familiar highlights of the story are that, in America, more than 11,000 miles of rivers and streams have been severely damaged by acid drainage. Some 600 million pounds of pesticides are spread into the environment each year. On the average, 33 million empty bottles and jars are thrown away every day. One fourth of the nation's towns and cities do not yet have sewage-treatment plants, and half of those in existence are outdated by increased population.

As a result, whole patterns of relationship between living organisms and their environment are being altered. Species of wildlife are dying out. Human health is severely endangered by gases pumped into the air, chemicals and wastes poured into streams, and pesticides built up in cells of the food we eat.

The larger pollution picture must include also the increasing noise levels, ugly inner cities, inadequate housing, transportation snarls, war, poverty, and pathological social effects of ghetto living. The main threats to our environment are population explosion, misuse of technology, and squandering of irreplaceable natural resources.

It is easy to identify some of the large-scale polluters. One of the worst is the automobile, which pumps tons of poisonous gases into our cities. Another is the electric-power plant which burns fossil fuels. One could go on to mention ocean oil spills and the airplane. Industry has polluted our environment in the name of progress and technology, yet it is obvious that most corporations are not going to clean their messes until compelled to do so.

Perhaps the greatest polluter of all is the person who accepts the comforts of technology without ques-

tioning how it rapes our environment. He accepts the convenient packaging that creates millions of tons of expensively removed garbage every year. He allows construction of interstate highways which plow through parks, split homogeneous neighborhoods, and obliterate scenic areas to make it possible to spew over the land more gasoline wastes from inefficient internal-combustion engines.

When a person begins to think about what he can do to combat pollution, he might well begin with himself. The Christian has a biblical charter to do something. The first chapter of Genesis calls upon man to populate the earth and subdue it. But the second chapter instructs him to take good care of the earth. Its resources were created for man's use, but not for his abuse.

The Old Testament teaches that man is not to defile the land on which he lives. He is given dominion over the earth, which means he is not only to rule over but also to protect it. The New Testament calls upon man to be a husbandman who guards, nurtures, and brings to fruition the earth's soil, vegetation, and wildlife. Man is not separate from his environment, but is a part of it. And above all, he must recognize that the earth is the Lord's.

Until 100 or so years ago, it was necessary to keep birth rates high in order to offset high death rates. This is no longer true. There are limits to the number of people the "spaceship earth" can support, and some biologists are telling us that population now is near those limits.

We need to act now to preserve the environment for tomorrow. This will be difficult because laws passed are not always enforced. Industry is reluctant to undertake radical antipollution measures, and if pressured into doing so, the cost will be great.

One thing needed is a change in attitude. Each of us must remember that every time he buys a new appliance he is adding to the demand for electric power. We need to think in terms not of what is most convenient but what is best for the environment. Without the environment God has given us, man will perish. The tragedy is that what we do or fail to do now will be the heritage of the generations to come.

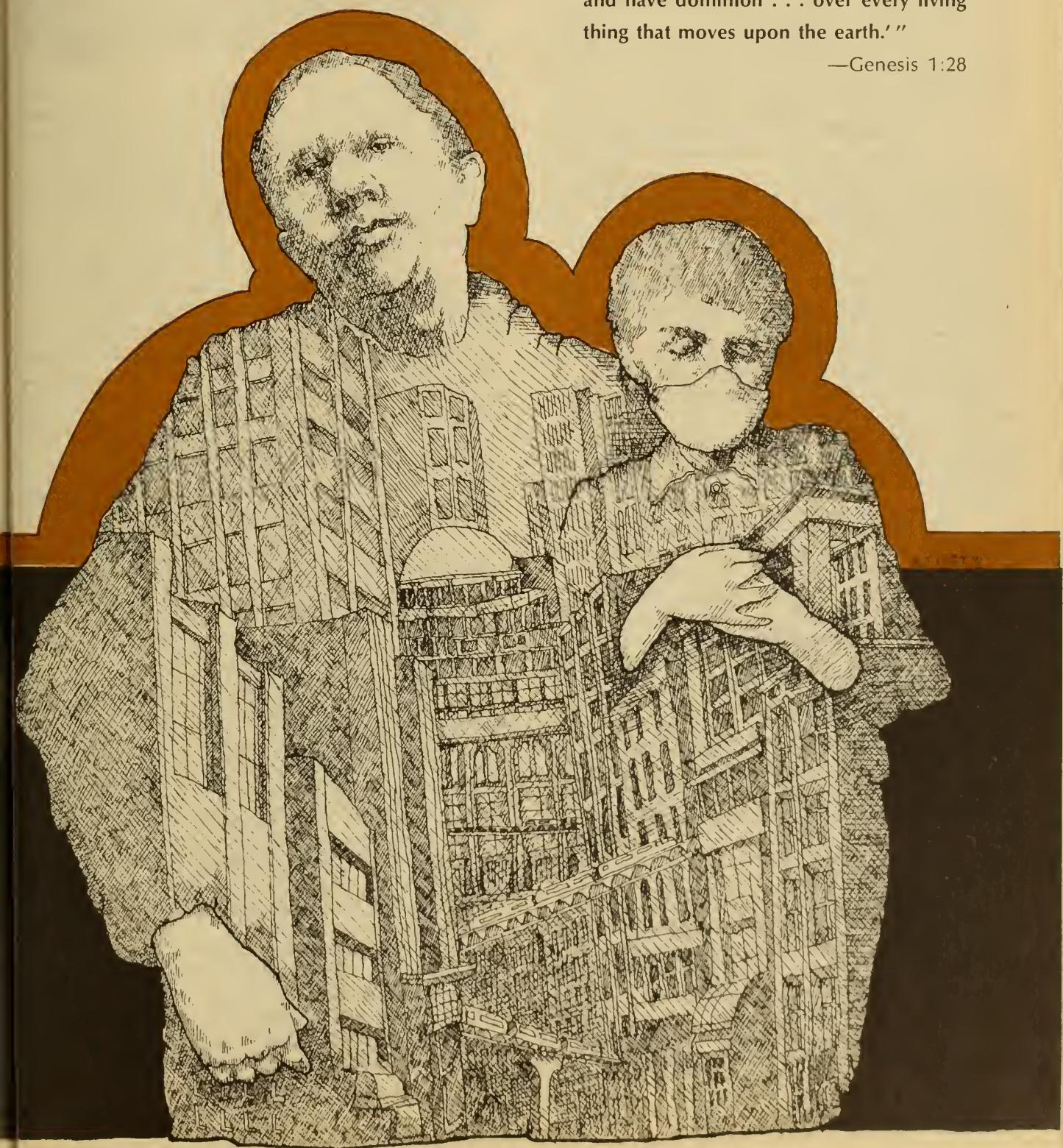
—Your Editors

LOST DOMINION

A Novelette by Herman B. Teeter, Associate Editor, TOGETHER

“... and God said to them, ‘Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion . . . over every living thing that moves upon the earth.’”

—Genesis 1:28



THE MAN who was about to die left the medical center as late winter sunlight slanted across Central City, smearing the crowded mall with crimson, glaring angrily from the windows of a thousand apartments rearing against the valley's eastern wall. He threaded his halting way through the faceless throng, a young-old man jostled and shoved aside by workers hurrying home from another shift change in the vast industrial complex.

It was strange, Paul Layne thought, that he should be concerned about reaching his apartment in time for the six o'clock news, that on this, the darkest day of his life, a trivial habit should persist.

At a corner drug dispensary he placed his most recent prescription card in a slot and waited until he heard his package of medication drop into the delivery bin.

"Something to keep you calm and comfortable," the doctor had said. "Hospitalization recommended as soon as . . ."

Paul had listened intently to the doctor's sadly sympathetic verdict. Yet only now—by some unaccountable trick of memory—could he hear the sound of the physician's voice. And only now, in a curiously impersonal way, could he accept the fact that soon—perhaps quite soon—he was going to die.

The apartment he shared with his young son was a short walk from the medical center in the heart of a massed array of converters, recycling factories, powerhouses, and incinerators. And Central City itself—seemingly taking pride in its slogan "We Do All the Dirty Work"—was a part of the continuous city that made up the Detroit-Toledo-Cleveland-Akron megalopolis.

As he stepped onto the escalator leading to his level, Paul glanced toward the top of the high ridge. The dying sun, he noted, had impaled itself on twin smokestacks that spiked the sky beyond the valley's rim. He was reminded of an inflated balloon smeared by grimy hands—a huge red balloon that threatened to burst with a world-destroying bang.

This great industrial bowl, he thought, was like a coliseum where spectators with glassy eyes looked down on geodesic domes, block-size administration buildings, and flat-top shops. Between the buildings ran pedestrian malls, moving sidewalks, and escalator lifts.

No car had ever entered the heart of Central City. Traffic streamed underground, along the rim, and beyond on the new electronic superway with its endless stream of computer-controlled electrocars and trucks. Every few minutes, the gleaming bullet of a monorail commuter train shot across the horizon, disappearing with a metallic whine to the east.

Paul's apartment, on the third tier, was in a building marked by an illuminated sign: "SECTOR II: FOR PENSIONED AND AMBULATORY DISABLED." Passing through the lobby, he suddenly recalled that he had planned to purchase a new TV tape for his son. He retraced his steps, inspected the tape display in a lighted case, selected a title, inserted his magnetic charge card under an electronic scanner, and pressed a button.

The merchandise computer, deep in its vault under the city, would sense immediately whether Paul had exceeded

his monthly credit allowance. If so, the purchase would be rejected.

What the computer did not know (as it received, memorized, and charged his account) was that a TV tape titled *A Walk Among the Flowers of Yesterday* was a present for a small boy who had never walked among flowers, neither the glorious ones of the past nor the pallid ones of the present; that Jon Layne was a child who seldom walked anywhere except in the antiseptic, oxygenated confines of three small, windowless rooms.

As he neared his door, Paul heard the old woman's dry, rasping cough from the apartment adjoining his. It was a sound he had finally learned to live with, as with all the other sounds that came to him through thin walls.

The boy heard the door unlock and rolled over in bed. "Is that you, Daddy?"

"Yes."

The boy reached out and adjusted a switch, lowering the hiss of oxygen.

"I thought it might be Sarah come to visit me."

"You shouldn't refer to Dr. Rogers by her first name, Jon. She is a professional person, remember? Now come on—did you sleep through your video lesson again?"

"Just the last part. It was all about minerals and mass production and I'm not interested in that stuff. I like the ones on flowers and animals better."

Paul dropped down into a chair beside the boy's bed. Almost involuntarily he glanced around the apartment, dreading the sense of terror that sometimes gripped him when he took stock of his tiny, crowded quarters.

Against one wall stood the 250-pound electrochemical cell that provided most of the energy required for the apartment. Beside it was a small refrigerator, and an electronic oven. On the opposite wall, at the foot of the boy's bed, was a tiny television screen. Squatting in the center of the room was his own pneumatic bed which resembled a large barber chair outfitted with console, levers, and buttons.

Electric power coming into the apartment from outside, rationed by law, often was undependable. Area-wide blackouts were frequent.

Shaking off a sense of claustrophobia, Paul said: "Here's a present for you. But first I want to see the news. Then you can play the tape—if you have enough time left on that old playback fuel cell."

"I didn't use it much today, Dad. I only looked at the botany lecture again."

"You'll wear that one out one of these days."

"One of these days, he thought. One of these days soon, the doctor had implied."

Overhead, a voice interrupted: "Your authorized 30-minute video viewing time, UHF Channel 62, News of the Day, begins in one minute."

The small screen at the foot of Jon's bed began to glow. The image of the announcer appeared:

"Another leading industrialist is dead, apparently by his own hand . . . He is the seventh to take his life since President Norcross announced more stringent environmental controls . . ."

Otherwise, the news was routine:

"A berserk youth, wielding an antique meat cleaver, killed seven in a crowded . . ."

"Two killed, 31 injured in riots outside atomic-reactor units near Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Memphis . . ."

"Completion of the transcontinental monorail net-



work is estimated at not earlier than 1997. Feeder systems from some regions are partially completed, and many segments are in use . . .

"Steelite, polthane, and plastiform production (up 35 percent over the previous year) remains insufficient to meet demands. Temporary layoffs appear likely for some technical personnel . . .

"An experimental Soviet-American hydroponics farm under the new lunar dome is producing 90 percent of the food requirement for 28 men and women who live and work on the moon . . .

"Five motorists were arrested for attempting to drive into the Chicago Loop."

The screen went dead and Paul turned to discover that his son had threaded the TV tape into the playback machine and was eagerly awaiting its appearance on the Tri-Di screen.

Tri-Di—three dimensional pictures—was a miracle of laser technology. It swept the viewer along with the camera, convincing him that he could reach out and touch any object that appeared. (The Tri-Di in Paul's apartment was a miniature of the large-screen projectors promised after The Emergency.)

As the boy watched, color surged into his pale cheeks and his eyes filled with delight. Fields of daisies unfolded toward a distant horizon. The scene shifted to a garden. The camera zoomed into the heart of a rose, mirrored dew drops on violets, looked up at the pollen-laden body of a honeybee. There were clouds in a blue sky over green woodlands and an emerald lake. Then, all too soon, it was over.

To his son's unspoken question, Paul said, "Why don't you play it again, Jon."

He heard the rattle of dishes and knew that Jon's food cart would soon be at the door. He went to the minifridge, intending to prepare his own meal, then decided he was not hungry.

The news he had received at the medical center had not thrown him into shock. Somehow he viewed his own imminent death with cold detachment, almost as though it concerned a stranger. He sat down again and began to think of the things he had to do—and wondered if there was anything he could do.

ITEM: *The world has a thousand poisons, thin or potent, honeylike or nauseous, quick or languid, corrosive and deadly, or captious and deceptive and narcotic. There are poisons bright as an amber wine, or rich as blood or rubies, or clear and hueless and innocent-seeming as the water of untroubled lakes . . . There are poisons that slay the soul, that slay the heart or the mind or the body, and others that never slay, but only torture and benumb.*—Clark Ashton Smith, *Poems in Prose* (Sauk City, Wis.: Arkham House, 1964)

SHORTLY AFTER ten o'clock the next morning, Dr. Arnold Denby called Henry Moore, personnel supervisor at Central City's chemical-recycling division.

"You have a Paul Layne, male, white, 45, supervising chemist, on disability. Would you come over to discuss his case with our staff around five o'clock?"

"Important?"

"Right."

Promptly at five, Moore waited in the clinical conference room. Dr. Denby and three companions entered, nodded greetings, and spread file folders on the table. The group included the clinic's director, a tall man with a heavy face; the psychotherapist, a wiry, dark-haired individual who kept reaching nervously into his shirt pocket for semicigs that were not there; and the pediatrician, Sarah Rogers, a motherly type with blue-tinted hair. The woman's full, usually pleasant face appeared distressed.

Dr. Denby cleared his throat, rolled a pencil between pudgy fingers, and leaned back to look at the personnel man through old-fashioned trifocals.

"As you may know, Mr. Moore, the patient has authorized us to freely discuss his case with you as an official of Central City Industries."

The personnel man nodded and opened his folder.

"Let's see," he said. "We show him on disability for the past 14 months. He's on 80 percent salary, augmented by government aid under the amended Clean Air and Water Act of 1982."

"Right. You may know also, Mr. Moore, that this man has orthopnea—the condition of being forced to sit up in order to breathe. And your records should show that his disability followed surgical removal of his right lung."

The personnel man shuffled through his papers.

"Yes. Also, he is a widower with one child, a boy about 10. Mr. Layne, born August 6, 1945, was employed by us on September 25, 1970. For about 10 years after that he showed a history of alcoholism with frequent, though not excessive absenteeism. He was arrested in 1980 on charges of involuntary manslaughter involving the death of his wife in an automobile accident. Sentenced to five years in prison. Sentence suspended under extenuating circumstances. What these circumstances were is not clear . . ."

The pediatrician broke in: "I can tell you what they were. Jon Layne was delivered by Caesarean section before his mother died. It was simply a case of the court suspending the father's sentence rather than putting the boy in a state home."

The personnel man, who fancied himself an exceptional

judge of human nature, filed Dr. Rogers away in his mind as being an emotional woman. He raised a questioning eyebrow, and the pediatrician continued.

"Jon is a bronchial asthmatic with some minor birth defects due to the accident that killed his mother. He shows slight bone deterioration of the right leg which eventually can be corrected. This boy is an exceptionally bright and lovable child . . ."

"Which brings us to the purpose of the meeting," Dr. Denby interrupted. "Paul Layne's tests show cor pulmonale, the enlarged heart so closely associated with respiratory strain. There is added evidence of critical deterioration of his remaining lung and what is diagnosed as terminal arteriosclerotic heart disease."

"You said terminal, Doctor?"

"Six, eight months. Perhaps less."

Henry Moore was neither calloused nor unsympathetic, but such reports from the medical center were not unusual. There were, after all, more than 20,000 employees in his division alone.

At the same time, he wondered just where the meeting was headed. He half resented the doctors treating him as an uninformed layman, explaining medical terms with which he was quite familiar. How often, lately, had he heard such terms as tracheobronchitis, cyanosis, cor pulmonale, and all the rest?

"I presume you are recommending hospitalization?"

"Immediately. But—and I hope I do not sound unfeeling—the father is not our main concern."

"It's the boy," Sarah Rogers broke in. "Could you tell us, Mr. Moore, whether Central City Industries has any provision under its health and welfare plan to give an orphaned child the care he will need for a great many years, if not for life?"

The personnel man drew out his reply, a long "No-o-o," then added: "There is insurance on Mr. Layne, of course. An amount approximately three times his annual salary."

"Which would care for this boy for hardly three years? Do you know that he requires a special oxygenated room, not only because he is asthmatic but because he is allergic to at least seven airborne pollutants common to this city? We are talking in terms of an elaborate air filtering system, expensive medication, and the life of an innocent child!"

"What about next of kin?" the director asked.

"No immediate relatives are listed. The nearest is an uncle, the Rev. Jacob Hines, pastor of a church in a small north-central Ohio industrial town."

The personnel man said: "Perhaps, with the insurance, some arrangement for special care could be made with a state home."

Until now the psychotherapist had said nothing. Momentarily forgetting his need for a cigarette, he joined the conversation: "I have talked to Mr. Layne about the possibilities. He would not consent. He knows the state-home setup pretty well. By nature, this man is stubborn, impulsive, overly sentimental, and guilt-ridden in all matters concerning his son. He isn't given to outbursts of rage, but he blew up when we mentioned a state home."

"Frankly, I see Paul Layne as a desperate man. Quietly desperate, but desperate just the same."

Turning to the psychotherapist, the clinic director said: "Mr. Moore mentioned a history of alcoholism. Do you suppose—"

"Some men would take that avenue of escape. Layne

might. All of us, presumably, have a breaking point. Alcoholics are no exception. But one drink for a man in his situation would start him on a roller coaster to suicide—both for himself and the boy."

The director had made up his mind. "There seems to be no alternative to consigning the boy to a state home. It will take a court order, of course. Will you and Mr. Moore get in touch with the authorities, Dr. Denby?"

Dr. Denby rose, shoving his papers back in their file. "First thing in the morning," he said.

Dr. Rogers looked helplessly at her hands.

Out on the street, Dr. Denby and the personnel man walked together toward an express escalator. The street was quiet under lights that glowed dimly through a gray curtain of fog and smoke.

"This miserable, stinking, insufferable air!" the doctor muttered. Then: "By the way, Henry, you said Paul Layne was born on August 6, 1945. That date sticks in my mind for some reason."

"Of course," the personnel man said with a shrug. "The Bomb. The day the Bomb fell on Hiroshima."

ITEM: *Asthma is one of the commonest, as well as one of the most serious, of the allergic conditions provoked by dust. An asthmatic's lung passages constrict, making it difficult for him to breathe. Among the most hideous sensations you can know is being unable to catch your breath. An asthmatic's strangulation begins with a tightening in his chest. His system screams for air, but he is unable to complete a breath. The air he holds in midbreath feels trapped and immobile. The one thought a severe asthmatic has is that he is now choking to death. This, the asthmatic may feel, is the end.*
—Dr. Howard R. Lewis in *With Every Breath You Take* (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1965)

CHAPTER 3

DURING THE MORNING, long before Dr. Denby had placed his call to the personnel supervisor, Paul had busied himself as best he could about the apartment. Shortly before noon he went out by escalator and moving sidewalk into the Central City business district, first to his bank, and then to the travel center, where he requested passage, by any means available, to Flagstaff, Ariz.

Within less than five minutes, his request for travel priority outside Central City was denied by the computer.

"You can appeal, of course," the traffic manager said.

That would take weeks or months, and Paul knew he simply did not have the time. A computer, he thought, cannot be cruel. It cannot be cruel because it is not human. It was not programmed for his situation. The nation was at war with an environmental enemy, and travel priorities went to the soldiers in that war—scientists, technicians, construction men, engineers, laborers, and government officials.

He had wanted to reach a desert region where his son conceivably could survive under guardianship with the money his insurance would provide. At least, the boy would have a chance to live until he was old enough to provide for himself.

Paul Layne, nonessential citizen, returned to his apartment, hope abandoned. He fought back the dark thoughts that tried to drive sanity from his mind, that prompted him to seek temporary escape in the nearest bar, or ultimate escape in the capsules he had hoarded so carefully over the past months.

Beyond his apartment's thin wall, he could hear the old woman coughing again. It was a sound that once had driven him almost to madness. He had rushed out, raging, to find her standing in the hallway, her stringy hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes bulging in terror of strangulation. He had grabbed her by the shoulders, demanding that she stop taunting him, shouting that he was ill and needed rest.

When he felt the woman's frail, childlike shoulders beneath a faded housecoat, he was seized by sudden pity and regret, and he turned away quickly, slamming the door behind him. Trembling, he fell across his own bed, trying to shut out the hurt he had seen in the woman's eyes. And then he succumbed to his own fit of coughing brought on by the unaccustomed exertion.

At other times, during the period of convalescence that would have no end, he fought the feeling of being hemmed in, confined, compressed. It seemed to him at such times that the immense weight of 300 million Americans, plus the immeasurable mass of the earth's teeming billions, pressed in against the walls of his tiny apartment, threatening to crush him.

He found solace in the taped messages his uncle sent every month. They were inspirational sermonettes, one for each day, recorded especially for use in a counseling program the minister conducted for alcoholics, drug users, and emotionally disturbed persons.

In his apartment that afternoon, Paul again listened to the quiet voice of Jacob Hines in a message especially for the alcoholics with whom he worked, then turned off the machine and sat for long minutes in thought. How like a common drunk on a payday spree the world has been! Now with air and water resources almost gone, the poisoned world seeks to cure its own delirium tremens with the cause—technology—and Paul wondered if it could ever be done.

ITEM: *There have been warnings in every part of the land. Houston really needed that astrodome, but no*

worse than New York, Los Angeles, Birmingham, Chicago. Even Denver has lost its bright mile-high sparkle. Now the entire East Coast from Richmond to Boston is a trap baited with poison. I prophesy that this great trap will snap shut sometime during the next five years, creating the greatest calamity and loss of life in U.S. history.—Early Works of The Pottstown Prophet, ed. E. N. Culin (privately printed, 1980)

When she awoke from drugged sleep, the old woman listened between coughing spells for the usual morning sounds next door. She was accustomed to hearing the man stirring about, to his voice as he talked to the boy, to his opening and closing of the minifridge. These noises never disturbed her. Rather, it was reassuring for one so alone to know that others were near.

This morning there were no sounds.

She went out into the hallway and found the boy's breakfast tray under a "Do Not DISTURB" sign. At 10 a.m. she heard the muffled music that introduced the child's morning educational program. That in itself meant nothing. The Tri-Di screen came alive automatically under computer direction and remained on for exactly one hour in the morning, and again at 3 p.m.

Shortly after noon the old woman was concerned enough to knock on the door. Receiving no answer, she returned to her apartment and began to rock anxiously in her antique chair.

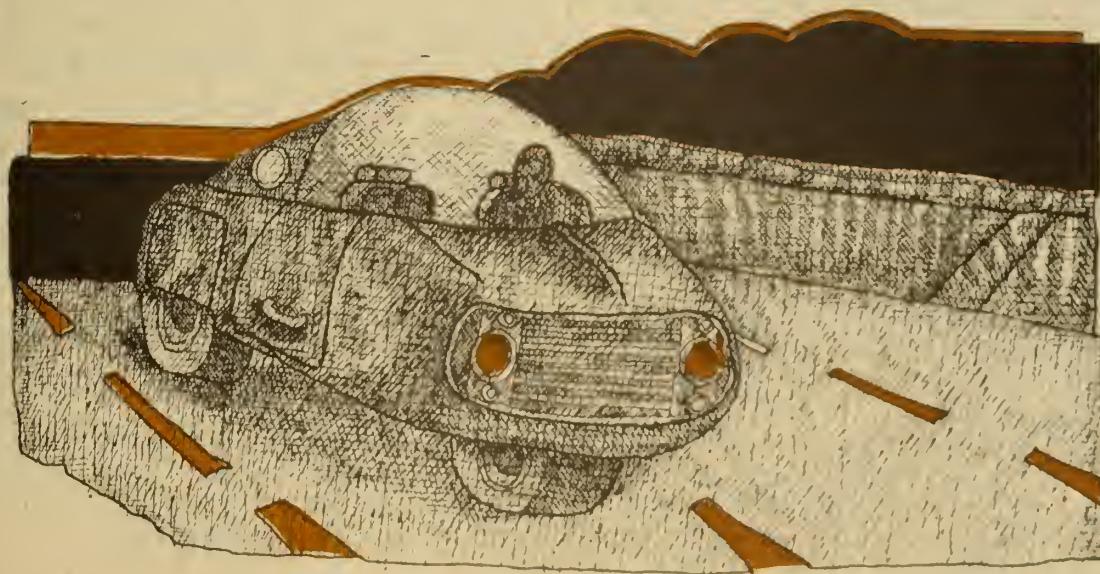
An old man in the apartment on the other side of the Laynes noticed nothing during the day. He was almost totally deaf, and the only sounds he heard were in the far reaches of his memory—the clang, roaring discord of a foundry where he had worked for almost 40 years.

Retired on pension at 60 (The Company was good, The Company was generous), the old man spent most of his time reading. He was reading *What Happened to Our Wild Rivers?* when, unknown to him, the two state agents arrived.

"The woman, hearing their knock, came out into the hall.

"They won't answer," she said. "I just know they must be dead. Both of them! Both dead!"

One of the men went to get the building's caretaker who was a long time arriving with his master key. Unlocking the door, the caretaker took a quick look around. "You won't



serve no court order in there," he said. "Take a look for yourselves."

Inside the apartment they found some unwashed dishes, a few carelessly thrown garments, the rumpled covers of the boy's unmade bed, and an air-conditioner that continued to hiss senselessly.

The agents were preparing to leave when the Tri-Di screen clicked on and a voice said:

"Now boys and girls, this afternoon we will pay a visit to one of the nation's megastuctures where all kinds of interesting plants and animals still survive. We will see, for example, the American beauty rose, the lilac, the—"

"Come on," one of the agents said. "Let's get out of here. We have a report to make."

Hours earlier, the man and boy had left the apartment, descending to one of Central City's underground parking facilities.

Almost all he owned, Paul thought, lay behind—and that was little enough. He carried two handbags: one filled almost completely with medical supplies; the other with clothing, food, toilet articles, copies of his will, and other documents.

The boy wore a half-face oxygen mask attached to a light tank slung over his shoulder. He carried a box of sterilized, disposable filter masks suitable for emergency use outside industrial environments.

Paul's seldom used electrocar was one of hundreds of standardized vehicles parked deep underground. It differed in one important respect, however. For months he had worked slowly and carefully, as his strength permitted, to outfit the little car for his son's comfort and survival on their infrequent trips within the permissible 12-mile range of the industrial complex. He had installed a sophisticated air-conditioning unit with special filters and had removed the single back seat to accommodate an auxiliary oxygen tank and a special—but illegal—long-range energy cell he had carefully concealed for emergency use.

Yet he knew the car, essentially, was little more than an old-fashioned golf cart—limited in range to less than 200 miles without replacing or recharging its 30-pound energy cell.

Paul slid beneath the wheel, started the motor, and eased the machine out of its numbered parking cubicle. The little car glided silently into the gray dawn and turned west on a seldom-used street beside a dank and oily river. To his right lay a broad lacework of railroad tracks along which the wastes and reconverted products of Central City were shuttled. Beyond the tracks, stairstepping the hillside, loomed the windowless recycling factories that crouched like prehistoric monsters in the mist. Hulking high above, barely visible, were two of Central City's gigantic converters and incinerators.

The idea of fleeing had crystallized into resolve during a sleepless night. He had no sanctuary in mind. He had thought of the Far West, beyond the Rockies, where the boy's chance of survival would be greater. But the West, he knew, was unattainable. For the present, he must keep to the back roads, attempting to evade detection by patrol cars or state agents who might soon be on his trail. He must reach his uncle somehow, but he had not called in advance because he knew his call could be traced.

He left the river road, drove to the crest of a ridge, doubled back for a few miles, then stopped. He got out

of the car, removed the short-range energy cell and rolled it into a weed-grown ditch, out of sight, then returned to wrestle the heavy long-range battery from its hiding place behind the driver's seat.

Now the little car had enough power to take it across Ohio to the town he once had called home. Something, he knew, was driving him back there, driving him blindly, instinctively. Was it simply because this town had offered him—long, long ago—the only happiness and peace of mind he had ever known?

Perhaps that was it, Paul thought. But the people who had provided those things were gone, and the only surviving link with them was an uncle he had not seen in 10 years.

Central City lay behind, a gray bowl coming awake under a somber sky. The outer city—the seemingly endless Detroit-Toledo-Cleveland-Akron megalopolis hugging the lifeless waters of Lake Erie—surrounded him as he drove on into the dawn.

ITEM: Friend, how would you like to wake up some morning and find a mile-high mountain of ice nibbling at your garden gate? Well, it's quite an impressive sight and worth hanging around a few hundred years to behold. Just ask the next mastodon you happen to meet.—Wit & Wisdom of The Pottstown Prophet, ed. Lee Davidson (Century Town, Ill.: Mo-Tee Printshop, 1979), volume II, page 823

As Paul Layne climbed the steep steps to the little church on the hillside, waves of pain spread through his chest. To catch his breath, he paused and glanced back. The car, where his son remained, was parked at the foot of the hill. To his right down the street, familiar neon signs flickered in the grimy window of Old Man Iden's Tavern. The place appeared unchanged since he left it on a fateful night 10 years earlier.

The church, built in 1942, had been a beautiful structure of red brick and white marble. As a boy, he had watched its exterior blacken and erode, taking on the color—or lack of color—that characterized the virtually abandoned old industrial town.

He was not surprised to find the church sanctuary unchanged. How many times, he wondered, had he staggered out of the tavern, usually late at night, coming here to collapse in self-pity at the chancel railing, imploring an unheeding God to make him sober again? And how many times had he sat in the study with his uncle, leaning on that compassionate and understanding man for the courage to face another day?

And how many times, awake and dreaming, had he seen a flower-banked white casket resting at the end of this aisle? The memory came again, and with it pain unlike that which wracked his body.

He did not see the minister who waited quietly at his study door. "Is that you, Paul?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle Jake."

"Come into the study. I have a message for you." The minister, switching on a light, glanced with concern at his nephew's pale face, red-rimmed eyes, and trembling hands.

"There was a call, Paul. A woman's voice. She didn't identify herself, but she gave me a place and a name."

"How could she have known I was coming here?"

"She did not know. She only hoped."

Jacob Hines had aged, Paul thought, but his face still

glowed with the fresh pink of a child who has played all afternoon in a wintry wind.

"You are to take the boy to a Mr. Sam Smith who lives in the mountains of southeastern Missouri, near a little place called Blue Springs, a branch of the Current River."

Paul slumped against the wall. How far away were the Missouri mountains? A thousand miles?

"Why don't you just tell me to drive to the moon?"

The minister's smile was sad. "Men have reached the moon, you know."

"Not on an energy cell good for another 10 miles at best."

"Stop at Joe Sandlin's place out on County Road. Tell him I sent you. He'll ask no questions. Everything has been arranged."

"But—"

"Now, hurry!"

ITEM: If another ice age does not appeal to you, my friend, how about a boat ride through downtown Manhattan, Miami, New Orleans, or Los Angeles? Just anchor anywhere near a third or fourth-story window. Shop around, if you want. But if you use the elevator, be careful not to press the ground floor button.—Wit & Wisdom of The Pottstown Prophet, ed. Lee Davidson (Century Town, Ill.: Mo-Tee Printshop, 1979), volume II, page 55

When the two state agents stopped at the church later that afternoon, the Rev. Jacob Hines had made peace with his conscience.

From his study window he saw the taller of two men hurrying up the steps. The other strolled down the street in the direction of Old Man Iden's Tavern.

The agent produced credentials and came to the point without formality: "Reverend, has Paul Layne been here today?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Four or five hours ago."

"Was he accompanied by a small boy?"

"I did not see a boy."

"Has Mr. Layne left town?"

"I presume so."

"Do you know what direction he was traveling?"

"I am afraid I could not say."

The agent left the church, climbed back into the state car (equipped with auxiliary energy cells, cruising range 300 miles without recharging) and drove down the street to the tavern where his companion waited on the curb.

"Any luck at the bar?"

"Nope. The bartender said he figures Paul Layne is dead. Thinks he died about 10 years ago in an auto accident. Either that or he has stopped drinking. Says he doubts the latter, if we're talking about the same man."

Back at the church, the Rev. Jacob Hines muttered a short prayer: "Lord, truly I did not see the boy. And, truly, I could not bring myself to say in which direction they were traveling."

TOWARD NOON on the second day, near the top of a hill, Paul saw the three Clowns waiting on electroscoters beside the road. They greeted him with hoots and shrill laughter; they danced like scarecrows, turned handsprings, grimaced, and pranced.

Paul cut current. The car began to coast, picking up speed on the long downgrade. The Clowns followed. One, he noticed, held a walkie-talkie to his mouth. Another zoomed in front of the slow-moving car, hands off the handlebars, chanting: "Hi hi, ho ho, hey hey!"

The third, a boy of about 16, wore an old, 1970-style football helmet. He kept pace with the coasting car, repeating in a shrill windswept voice:

"Lie down, play dead, there's a roadblock ahead!"

Paul, glancing quickly at his son, saw no fear in the dark eyes above the air-filter mask. Nor should there be fear, he thought. The Clowns were reputed to be a harmless lot, although sometimes their pranks had resulted in injury, even death to themselves.

There was, he saw, a road block on a narrow concrete bridge at the foot of the hill where five more scooters and riders waited. One boy wore a cowboy hat. He whirled a rope, shouting:

"I will lasso your little ear unless you stop right where you are!"

Paul pulled to a stop in the center of the bridge. He



lowered the window as the Clowns crowded around, clapping their hands. They lifted the rear wheels of the car, swinging it gently to and fro.

"Throw your license out on the ground, or we'll turn your jalopy upside down."

He hesitated. Suppose they took his license and refused to return it? Then it occurred to him that a Central City licensee was of no use to him now. He opened his wallet, removed the license, and tossed it through the window. The boy with the rope picked it up, held it at arm's length in the manner of an elderly person trying to read without glasses.

"Now ain't this here a pity, the poor man's restricted to Central City!"

From hand to hand the card went until it was placed back on the seat beside him. The boy with the cowboy hat leaned over and looked through the window. For a moment (was it imagination?) Paul thought he saw a different light in the Clowner's eyes as they strayed from the battery discharge meter to the masked face of his son. Then the eyes rolled, a tongue came out, and the Clowner stepped back. He clicked heels, doffed his hat, and bowed:

"Our little band gathers here today to wish you God-speed on your way!"

Puzzled, Paul drove on. In the rearview mirror he could see the eight Clowns dancing in a circle on the bridge. And he heard their voices growing fainter and fainter as he rounded a curve: "Paul, Paul, beyond compare—he's out to catch a breath of air!"

The President of the United States was a square-faced, introverted man with degrees in sociology, biology, and environmental science; a man who, even his followers conceded, owed his election to a series of disasters and a campaign promise that he intended to control pollution even if he became "the most unpopular chief executive in history."

Less than a month before the November election, the East Coast Disaster struck. Thousands died when a killer smog blanketed the endless city stretching from Virginia to Maine. The highest mortality rate was among the aged and among children and young adults with respiratory disease.

During the first year of his administration, President Norcross established his permanent "White House" in the Black Hills of South Dakota. His picture window commanded an imposing view of the four granite faces on Mount Rushmore that reminded Americans of the nation's former greatness.

Commentators agreed that the President's inaugural address made Churchill's promise of "blood, toil, tears, and sweat" sound like a social amenity. Also, it was agreed that in this strange, distant, most unpolitical of men the peril facing mankind had found a worthy adversary.

Accepting unprecedented emergency powers from Congress, the President told the nation:

"In our grim war there are no front lines. The enemy surrounds us, ever present in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the earth we walk upon. Paradoxically, tragically, we may have to turn the nation's growth progress back a hundred years if we are to win this war. It is a war for health and even survival. We may lose many of our freedoms, much of our wealth, most of our comforts, perhaps a vestige of our sanity."

On the day following the President's speech, two words—"What sanity?"—appeared almost everywhere: on plac-

THIS IS OUR WORLD

TOGETHER's 1971 Calendar-Pictorial

THESE are beautiful pictures of a world some of us are fortunate enough to possess and enjoy.

Can we keep it this way?

Or will we continue to lose that divine beauty and function of nature so essential to our survival? Are we dooming our children and grandchildren to the kind of world Paul Layne and his son must endure, perhaps 20 years from now?

We hope you will read the accompanying story, *Lost Dominion*, and then take another long look at these pictures. (The calendar can be removed simply by loosening the staples.)

And we hope that, as you count off the days and months of 1971, you will join us in making a decision, the urgency of which is becoming more apparent every day.

—Your Editors

ards, in shop windows, on walls in every part of the country, and in newspaper editorials.

ITEM: "Both inside the reactor and in some adjoining buildings, sensors were picking up high radiation readings, setting off alarms throughout the complex. Automatic devices sealed off every area where high radiation was manifest. Luckily, no one was in those areas. But there were people outside—about 2 million of them within a radius in which fatalities could conceivably occur. And some radioactive gas, it was later determined, was released during the accident."—From *Perils of the Peaceful Atom* by Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan; copyright © 1969 by Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

For 40 of her 70 years, Miss Livina Todd had been a laboratory technician in the complex of cement plants, petroleum-cracking units, smelters, and steel mills that eventually became Central City. During that time she had breathed invisible particles of lead, copper, titanium, zinc, silver, and nickel, along with the usual quantities of sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide.

Of late, her chronic cough had worsened. Her breathing became labored and shallow. Alone in her apartment three nights after Paul and the boy disappeared, she gasped convulsively in her sleep, turned over in bed, and called out for her dead father. Then her heart gave out.

The sole survivor, a nephew, teletyped from New Mexico that he could not attend the funeral. Henry Moore, the personnel man, memoed instructions to remove her name from "Pensioned" to the "Deceased" files. Although he was a very busy man, and did not know Miss Todd personally, he considered it his responsibility to represent The Company at the obsequies. He was on hand at the crematorium, along with two properly solemn mortuary employees, when

(Continued on page 45)



JANUARY 1971
SUNDAY

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"Like all forms of life that manage to survive, man has the capacity to adapt himself to the changing conditions of his environment; but man also has the ability to change, control, and adapt the environment to his needs. How wisely is he using that awesome power?"

—Our Vanishing Wilderness

"The nights had a bitter intensity, and when the wind died it was like a world in which trees and shadows and the light were frozen in the air, which itself was solid ice."

—Josephine Johnson, *Winter Orchard and Other Stories*



DECEMBER 1971
SUNDAY

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"What makes a brook or river so special? It is useless to try to answer the question, for he who asks it will never understand the answer. Rivers and brooks are special simply because they *are* brooks, and they *are* rivers."

—Hal Borland, *Beyond Your Doorstep*

FEBRUARY 1971
SUNDAY

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NOVEMBER 1971
SUNDAY

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"In trying to fathom this unfathomable world, we are like a drop of water trying to conceive of the ocean . . . or a single letter in a book striving to grasp the plot of the whole story."
—H. A. Hartwick, *The Dream*





MARCH 1971
SUNDAY

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"All the great civilizations of the world rested on and drew their sustenance from the six-inch crust of topsoil in their farming areas. When the topsoil was destroyed, the civilization perished."
—Leland DuVall, *Arkansas Gazette*

OCTOBER 1971
SUNDAY

"The most magnificent display of color in all the kingdom of plants is the autumnal foliage of the trees of North America. . . . It is like the mighty, marching melody that rides upon the crest of some symphonic weltering sea."

—Donald Culross Peattie, *A Natural History of Trees*





"Individual thinkers since the days of Ezekiel and Isaiah have asserted that the despoliation of land is not only inexpedient but wrong."

—Aldo Leopold, *A Sand County Almanac*

APRIL 1971
SUNDAY

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SEPTEMBER 1971

SUNDAY

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"The great act of faith is when man decides that he is not God."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

"You can't pick up anything without finding that
everything else in the universe is attached to it."

—John Muir





MAY 1971
SUNDAY

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"That there is more order in the world than appears
at first sight is not discovered until the order is looked for."
—William James, *The Dilemma of Determinism*

"It is the top of the ninth inning. Man, always a threat at the plate, has been hitting Nature hard. It is important to remember, however, that Nature bats last."

—Dr. Paul Erlich



AUGUST 1971

SUNDAY

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JUNE 1971
SUNDAY

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"Powerful enough to dig deep holes or split huge trees and throw heavy chunks of wood hundreds of feet, lightning seldom fails to be impressive in its display of nature's tremendous energy."

—Peter E. Viemeister, *The Lightning Book*



"We can hope that in times to come the concept of the earth as a space ship, with fixed and finite resources which must be shared by all human passengers, will become ever more apparent."

—Dr. Roger Revelle

JULY 1971
SUNDAY

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the light casket containing the frail body was consigned to the inner fire.

Departing, the personnel man recalled with satisfaction and not a little pride that Central City's crematorium—being a new installation—was equipped with the latest air purification devices, afterburners, and electrostatic precipitators.

Miss Todd's neighbor, the retired foundry employee, had not understood (because of his deafness) when a visitor from down the hall told him about her death and about the disappearance of the man and boy. In the elderly man's mind, the two vacant apartments remained occupied.

Unknowing, he read his tattered travel books or dozed in a chair. Sometimes, eyes closed, he contented himself with wandering the silent back roads of memory, recalling the Tennessee skies of his boyhood as blue reflections in a sparkling stream.

There was, he remembered, a great tree beside his favorite fishing hole. Some of the tree's exposed roots looked like elephant trunks dipped into clear water where a cork bobbed; and the early morning breeze of summer, 1921, was forever fresh and cool on his face.

ITEM: For 150 years the tree had grown in the rich soil of the valley, its leafy arms reaching for the sun, its mighty taproot also drinking deeply from a cold underground stream. The tree had withstood drought, windstorms, lightning, insects, and blight. A living thing, it did not know that it lived. Nor did it know that it had discharged immeasurable tons of water vapor and life-giving oxygen from its canopy of leaves.

The tree had not noticed when the robin, poisoned by an insecticide spread two years earlier, fell from a limb, and lay dying in its shade. Nor did the tree know that a single leaf now clinging to a high limb was the last it would ever shed.

The tree had no way of knowing the nature of the man-made poison that had seeped into the stream. Therefore, not knowing it was a living thing, the great tree had no way of knowing that it, like the forest for miles around, was dying.

CHAPTER 5

AROUND DUSK on the third day, the electrocar died on old Interstate 55 somewhere near Dwight, Ill. To the east over an endless roll of old prairie, a burnt-orange moon began its ascent into the sky. There was a keen edge to the air as Paul climbed out and surveyed a landscape still wrapped in winter bleakness.

He pushed the car as far off the highway as he could. The effort brought nausea and pain. He teared against the car, retching. When the nausea and pain had passed, he climbed back into the car, took out the medical kit and prepared an injection for his son. He popped a pill into his own mouth, washing it down with water, and unfolded the thermal blankets. He tucked one over Jon, the other around

himself. Now, he thought, nothing to do but wait. Before the night was over a patrol car would be along to investigate. There would be questions. No matter what he would fabricate, his restricted driver's license would give him away.

Earlier that day they had passed through Gary and Hammond, Ind., and had seen the great steel mills. Some were abandoned shells, while others obviously were operating full scale to provide structural material for completion of the monorail network, for the megastructure program, for more and more electrocars, for 25,000 miles of automated electronic superways.

Through the haze that hung over Chicago he had seen a dozen new skyscrapers dominating the skyline. The thought had struck him that these monolithic buildings were monumental tombstones in a graveyard of dead giants, and that the shrouded heavens mourned their passing.

As they drove through the pall of smoke and fumes near Chicago, even with his oxygen mask turned to maximum, Jon had been seized by a spasm of wheezing and coughing. Paul had put on a light mask and laboratory safety glasses to protect his smarting eyes.

Stalled now in the prairie night, he tried to relax as loneliness and frustration took hold again. The moon climbed higher, its ominous color fading into dull silver. Sickly light bathed the countryside, creating a dim pastel of leafless trees and stark fence rows.

Only an occasional car passed on the once heavily traveled road. Most of the traffic moved along the new superway which lay some miles to the south. Twice during the day, keeping to seldom-used roads, they had passed under this fantastic roadway with its electronically controlled stream of 90-mile-an-hour traffic. Yet this great new highway, which could have meant sanctuary and safety to his son, had been denied to Paul Layne, nonessential citizen of the United States.

Paul felt the cold nipping under the edges of the blanket. His feet were numb and he wondered if the numbness would creep up to his heart and laboring lung, stilling them forever.

When a man is about to die, he thought, he begins to accept things. This could be the last full moon he would ever see. He, who once had gloried in the beauty of moonlight over winding rivers and peaceful towns.

He could accept the end for himself, but he could not accept the same for the boy sleeping uneasily at his side.

Faintly, far away, he heard the honking of geese arrowing north again ahead of spring. He caught their ragged V silhouetted against the moon and saw they were few in number, valiant survivors in a battle against the world man had poisoned.

Beyond the geese sailed the moon where scientists breathed an artificial atmosphere purer than that of earth. Beyond the moon, the dead planets rolled with precision in their orbits around a minor sun. Beyond the planets, the endless, forever-and-forever universe, cold and uncaring, with its billions of unreachable stars.

Suddenly rage swept through him. His fists smashed down on the padded instrument panel. *What more can be demanded of me*, he wanted to shout in a voice that would echo through all time, and shatter against the farthest galaxy. Instead, the night air tore sobs of despair from his throat.

Finally, the pill took effect and he fell asleep. And sleep-

ing, he dreamed of black snow falling in stifling silence on a field of white lilies.

The dream of black snow went away into a duration of nothingness. It was replaced by a boy in a cowboy hat standing in the moonlight outside the car.

"Are you the same boy I saw yesterday?" Paul asked.

"No. Different boy. Same hat."

"What do you want?"

"A Clowner doesn't like to answer questions. Give me the keys to the energy-cell compartment."

Before he realized he wasn't dreaming, Paul had handed over the keys. Two other boys circled the car, bent over the back wheels, unlocked the energy-cell compartment, and removed the oblong battery. They replaced it with another, slammed the compartment lid, and returned the keys to Paul.

"No poetry tonight, sir," said the boy in the cowboy hat. "You'd better be rolling along now. Next stop—now remember this—is near Lincoln. You'll find a big two-story red-brick house in a field off Lincoln Lane. Ask for Professor Irving Norton. He's an Afro-American, and we call him 'The Little Round Man.'" The three electroscoters glided away into the night.

Paul forced himself into wakefulness, and drove on down the old highway, avoiding potholes and huge cracks in the pavement as best he could. On they rode in silence through a black landscape of freshly plowed cornfields waiting for spring.

As the moon sank lower in the west, and dawn's flat light began to slip over his shoulder, Paul pulled off the road and asked his son if he was hungry.

"A little bit, Daddy."

Paul reached for the huge sausage-shaped sandwich loaf. They ate and drank. Paul noticed in the growing light that they had stopped near one of the abandoned tourist rest areas that had flourished along Interstate 55 during the 1970s. This one, like most of the others, had been abandoned and taken over as a residence. In the frosty half-light Paul saw a man and his dog in front of the building which still bore a faded "YOU'RE HERE!" sign. The man was staring curiously in their direction. Quickly Paul started the car and drove on.

"Professor Irving Norton," he repeated as they drove on toward Lincoln. "Professor—"

"Beg your pardon, Daddy?"

"Nothing, Jon. I'm just trying to remember a name."

"Oh, I know about him. I've heard his name a lot of times in my Tri-Di lessons. He writes books and things."

"Of course! He's one of the founders of the 'We Help Others' movement. That's sort of like a—well—like a religion. Everybody who belongs believes the best life he can lead is one devoted to helping others. Your Great-Uncle Jake belongs, I think."

"Then it's like a church, Daddy?"

"No, not exactly. I mean it isn't organized like a church. There are no buildings or preachers or dues or leaders or teachers. Everybody simply belongs if he wants to belong. I believe they do have a button which identifies them. I think it is a picture of our earth with the words 'We Help Others' circled around it. People who don't like them, or think they are meddlesome, call them WHELP'S."

The first poet on the moon was a Russian named Anton

Lenovski. Selected because of his international reputation, he was well aware of the magnitude of his assignment. In effect, the people of earth had said: "Tell us what space is really like. We have heard from the mathematicians, the technicians, the geologists, and the astronauts. Now let us hear from the heart and soul of man."

Seeking inspiration, Lenovski spent many hours in the lunar dome's observation bubble; his eyes fixed on the cloud-flecked blue splendor of earth hanging low on the lunar horizon.

But Anton Lenovski was unable to write the poem he yearned to write. In his mind's eye, always, he saw 6 billion people crowded together on a dying world. He saw seashores brown with scum, littered with dead fish. He remembered blighted forests, the pale pastels of dwarfed flowers, the horror of traffic stalled in smothering smog.

As he sat at his desk, the poet tried to fix his mind on the glory of man's conquest of space, on the awesome beauty of constellations and galaxies, on the love and devotion all spacemen feel for their mother world. He had scribbled a few lines when Del Morgan, an American astronomer, stuck his head through the door.

"We have something on the telescope you may want to see," the astronomer said. "There's a huge weather front moving out of Canada. You can almost see it move across Montana and Wyoming into the Dakotas. Earth radio reports tornado alerts, and severe weather warnings for tomorrow on a line between Lake Superior and Oklahoma City."

The poet rose to his feet, started to follow the American from the room, then glanced down at the one line he had written. It began: "O God, we pray—" Hurriedly he marked out the line and crumpled the paper in his hands.

The President of the United States, standing before his great picture window, watched the approaching weather front as he brooded over his troubled country. Beyond the thrashing pines, between intervals of darkness, lightning fingers illuminated the granite faces on Mount Rushmore, flickering the stupendous spectacle on and off before his half-closed eyes.

The President was nearing the end of his second term, and there had not been enough time to do all that he had promised to do. But, he thought, the machinery was in motion. Would other, weaker men, bring it to a halt? And then would the nation continue sliding down the long road to oblivion?

He had been ruthless, he knew. But the electronic roads were running. The gasoline internal-combustion engine was virtually silenced. Within a generation, perhaps, the diesel would no longer be necessary. No river had been dammed during his administration, and the Corps of Engineers had turned to cleaning up the streams that were dead or dying. Millions of acres of land were being reclaimed. The monorail system, by no means complete, was in use from Minneapolis to New Orleans, from New York to California. Electrified rail lines were branching out at the rate of a thousand miles a month. Hundreds of thousands of the jobless were at work planting trees in broad belts, border to border, coast to coast.

But there were critical contamination problems, particularly in the numerous great centers where electricity was generated, garbage converted into building blocks, metals recycled, and the useless litter of generations destroyed. And the dread menace of the atom—this time as an instru-



ment of peace—troubled the dreams of every world leader.

The people of the earth were paying the cost: Newspapers reduced to single sheets, or distributed on reusable tape for viewing on portable machines. Paper towels ("How did I ever get along with them?" asked the housewife of 1970) were a memory. Books and magazines rare, expensive, to be hoarded only in libraries and community centers. And the paycheck? Half for taxes; wages frozen.

Not yet had the air been cleaned, nor the rivers, nor the land. Nor the cities, the continuous cities that lined the Great Lakes, both oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, and many inland rivers. Most of the nation's 300 million people lived in metropolitan areas. The almost impossible task of redistributing the population throughout the country awaited the next administration, and perhaps many others after that. But it could be done, if the people were willing.

President Norcross, for all his cold demeanor, was human. And that night, as he stood looking out at the electric storm playing around Mount Rushmore, he wondered if at someplace, at sometime, men would chisel his own features out of imperishable stone.

The storm caught Paul and his son in open country as they approached Lincoln, turning the sultry afternoon sky into darkness that exploded with flaring lightning and nerve-shattering thunder. Sudden gusts of wind hammered

at the little ear. Blinding rain turned into pelting hail, and back to rain again.

Then he heard the ominous roar in the sky.

There was no time to warn the boy. He pushed open the car door, grabbed his son under the arms, and half dragged him into an open ditch. There they huddled together, clawing at clumps of grass, their bodies half submerged in rapidly rising water.

The sudden, strenuous effort brought pain back into his chest and arms. He lay quietly in the gushing water until the pain passed and the wild beating of his heart subsided. The storm, he noticed, had slapped the ear into an opposite lane, turning it sideways, but it remained upright and apparently undamaged.

Almost with amazement, Paul noted a smile on the boy's face, and laughter in his eyes. Apparently it had been a lark for the 10-year-old to plunge into a water-filled ditch while a deadly tornado roared nearby.

And there was something else which Paul realized even before his son said: "I can breathe real good now, Daddy."

"Good, Jon! The storm must have washed the air clean!"

NEWS ITEM: Springfield, Ill. (API)—An enraged father shot and seriously wounded two demonstrators outside his home in a once exclusive suburban area of Springfield yesterday. Being held on a charge of

assault with a deadly weapon is Carl Ballard, 37, whose wife gave birth to their fifth child at a local hospital Friday.

Police said a crowd gathered at the home soon after the couple returned from the hospital with their infant son. Many carried placards pointing to food shortages here and abroad.

Ballard told police, "I simply lost my head," when an unidentified member of the protesting group threw a six-inch steelite pipe through his living room window "just missing our baby in his crib."

An eminent sociologist, Dr. Irving Norton of Northeastern College, has deplored the number of such incidents throughout the country. He described yesterday's violence here "as an outgrowth of increasing sectional prejudice which disguises deep concern and frustration brought on by overpopulation." Dr. Norton, a Negro, is the author of Norton's World, a best-selling work considered authoritative in its field.

CHAPTER 8

THE HOUSE looked out of place in the tiny grove of bare trees in the midst of a wide expanse of black dirt farmland; the two-story red-brick building, Paul thought, should stand in a crowded city rather than in rural isolation.

The owner of the house stood waiting in the yard as the electrocar bounced up the rutted driveway. "You are running late," he said, holding open a heavy door decorated with a bronze knocker.

"Ran into a storm," said Paul.

"It was, as the saying goes, something of a gully washer, wasn't it?"

Paul nodded, shivering, welcoming the warmth that came from a sunken living room lined with books. A huge globe stood in one corner opposite a colorful tapestry that depicted wildlife on an African veld. At the far end of the room, flames leaped in a huge stone fireplace. In answer to Paul's questioning glance, the host said:

"Looks sinful and illegal, doesn't it? But the logs are artificial, and the fuel is natural gas. However, to complete the illusion I sometimes play a tape that makes my fireplace crackle and pop. Then it's just like the real thing we enjoyed back in the good-bad old days."

A lot of things had gone out of life, Paul thought, and the pleasure of an open fire in a man's home was not the least of these.

Except for the ever-present hint of laughter hanging at the corners of his mouth, the short stocky Professor Irving Norton looked like the ghetto street fighter he once had been; a seven-inch scar ran from the bridge of his nose, ending near one ear with a missing lobe. Otherwise his black face was smooth and round; and round were his eyes of liquid brown under frosty brows that arched toward a round bald head.

Twice each week, Lincoln's "Little Round Man" used his unrestricted travel permit to commute 40 miles to Northeastern College where he taught what he described as "a weird blend of sociology, religion, and ecology for those most likely to succeed as troublemakers."

He was fond of telling his students at the beginning of each semester: "You are looking at a cat who almost got killed trying to change the world. Now he's trying to save the world—the one God made, not the one man made."

Paul warmed quickly to his host, to his open fire, and the hospitality he sensed as being utterly genuine and unaffected. Jon bounded about the large room, moving excitedly from wonder to wonder, asking questions without waiting for answers. Since the storm it had not been necessary for the boy to wear a filter mask, and he ate heartily when the professor offered bowls of fruit and nuts, fat sandwiches, and cups of steaming cocoa.

Later, after Jon was asleep in an upstairs bedroom, the two men mused before the fireplace. Although he was extremely weary, Paul talked at some length about himself, speaking with candor about the follies and misfortunes of his past life. Finally, the professor said:

"To say that life is the way we look at it isn't very wise or very original, but that is as close to the truth as most of us ever get. It is also true to say that a man is the way you look at him."

The sociologist left his chair and walked over to the huge globe, spinning it rapidly under his fingers.

"Sometimes we tend to blame the world for our afflictions, and we don't stop to think about the things we have inflicted on the world. Take this globe as an example. It is coated with varnish so thin that it is no more than a microscopic sheen. All the air we have ever had to breathe is no greater in comparison to the world's bulk than the varnish on this globe. Yet, look at what we have done to it!"

"We have often speculated about what would happen if the earth were invaded by people from another planet. We felt that we knew what would happen. People of all nations would unite against an alien foe, the common enemy.

"Well, we have been aware of our common enemy for at least 25 years. You may recall how news of this threat to mankind exploded on the front pages of all our newspapers, how our impending doom was forecast in dreadful detail by all media.

"We sat in large and small groups. We held important hearings. We talked and we talked. We began making and accepting excuses.

"Technology turned to the people and asked: 'Are you willing to pay the cost to remedy what we have done to your world?' And the people turned to Technology and said: 'If you have had the skill to destroy us, surely you have the skill to save us.'

"Each of us asked the other to give up his precious internal combustion engine, to watch his stocks decline, to abandon nonessential electric appliances, to endure more and more taxes, to stop unnecessary travel—in short, would the washerwoman go back to the wash board?"

Irving Norton spread his hands apart in a gesture of frustration. Then he shrugged.

"When the automobile manufacturers offered a small, relatively pollution-free car for sale, the people wouldn't buy it. The car simply didn't sell. The public, while acknowledging the nearness of doomsday, still wanted speed, power, and size."

"Oh, there was progress of a sort, thanks to men like Nader, Ehrlich, Commoner—and the rarest of individuals we call The Prophet."

The professor nodded in the direction of a large oil painting on the wall behind the globe. It was the picture



of a bearded man in a soiled white robe, a fiercely wild-eyed man, who stood out against a background of industrial smokestacks and fumes that formed a storm cloud pierced by jagged lightning.

"None has come along to equal The Prophet," the sociologist continued. "Some of his work thunders with the power of the Old Testament. But The Prophet, as you know, was not one to sit in an ivory tower. He was forever on the move, a gaunt, fanatical man with a message the people could not ignore.

"Anyway, even before The Emergency, new and ingenious devices came along to reduce poisonous smokestack and exhaust emissions by half. But, suddenly, there were twice as many smokestacks and twice as many ears."

Because, Paul thought, there were twice as many people.

"I wonder, as I think these things, do you believe you have reached Lincoln by luck alone? Has it occurred to you that the people you have encountered, the help that appeared magically, didn't just happen?"

"I have been wondering."

"It couldn't have happened without considerable planning, I assure you."

"The phone call to my uncle—"

"It had to be from someone who knew the details about your son's physical condition."

"A woman's voice, Uncle Jake said. Of course, it had to be Sarah Rogers."

"Probably. We picked you up, however, after you left your uncle's church. The word came from WHELP at Sandlin's garage. You know the rest."

"The only name my uncle gave me was a Sam Smith in southeastern Missouri."

"You'll be on your way tomorrow afternoon with a new energy cell for the ear. If you can reach St. Louis, you will find a truck waiting. I'll give you directions tomorrow morning."

The sociologist led the way to the second-floor bedroom. He stood at the door for a moment.

"You know," he began, almost as though he were talking to himself. "Was it like this back in the 1800s when my ancestors traveled the Underground Railroad out of slavery? Did not they, too, reach out in the night for the helping hands of strangers?"

CHAPTER 7

IT WAS VERY LATE the next night when Paul, near collapse from exhaustion, drove across the Mississippi, up river from St. Louis, on a gray, colossal bridge arched with massive steel beams. Underneath, somewhere in the fog, the great river slipped silently southward.

St. Louis slumbered in midnight darkness. Only a few lights were burning, and few people were abroad. Stragglers went their way without haste, many wearing the colorful filter mask that had become fashionable.

Except for the occasional whine of a monorail train, a

stillness lay over the city. In the distance, the stream of electronically controlled traffic on the superway moved as silently as the river below.

In the 1920s, St. Louis was one of America's dirtiest cities. Then it began to cleanse itself, providing a model for the nation; but it had become impossible for any one city or one region to hold back the blight that had fallen upon the air, the water, and the land. Now St. Louis had a concentrated industrial area comparable to Central City where thousands worked not only to produce new products but to convert, recycle, and incinerate the wastes of a region.

The sociologist had said the truck would be waiting on a side street near a ramp leading onto the southbound electronic superway. Paul had been directed to an address on a side street about four miles from the downtown area.

He felt hopelessly lost in a monstrous labyrinth, among misty old houses and dark streets that led away into the night. But finally, turning onto the designated street, he saw blinking lights and the dim figure of a driver waiting beside his truck.

An hour later, the electrocar abandoned, Paul and Jon were dozing when the truck pulled to a stop on a treadle platform at the superway entrance ramp. The driver slipped a card into a slot. A screen at the end of the platform flashed: "STAND BY FOR SAFETY SCANNING."

"I suppose we are being monitored," Paul said.

"Only the truck," the driver replied. "Weight, tire tread, condition of the electric motors, radar units, automatic brakes, override system—" He broke off and nodded toward a lot where several trucks were parked.

"They didn't pass," he said. "The computer shunted them off the ramp."

The screen ahead turned green. "PROCEED AT 25 MPH," it read. Then: "ANTENNA SWITCH: ON."

Paul heard the whirring of the truck's electric motors. Its powerful diesel engine silent, the truck moved slowly up the ramp toward a transition lane. Then, with a burst of acceleration, the vehicle came under control of electronic cables buried in the roadway.

"Since we're practically trans-state, we'll be moved over to the inside lane as soon as the computer finds room for us," the driver explained.

Patches of morning fog drifted in from the surrounding countryside. To the east, toward the river, the sun rose pale in a shroud of fog. Everything had a dreamlike quality, Paul thought: the silent, swift, blind plunge into nothingness; the nightmarish nearness of other trucks and electrocars; the frightening sight of his driver folding the steering wheel away and casually picking up a book.

Ahead, the fog cleared and the superway began its swing away from the river, penetrating low hills of sedimentary rock crowned with second-growth timber and worn-out fields. The truck, traveling at 90 miles an hour, was separated, Paul noted with alarm, by no more than 20 feet from the rear of one directly ahead.

Soon his anxiety passed, and he dozed again. When he awoke, the truck had left the superway and was speeding along a narrow asphalt road between rolling hills.

The driver said: "I haven't introduced myself, Mr. Layne, and I don't intend to . . . but I'm on a legal haul. We're loaded with compressed refuse-garbage bricks, and we're headed for a megastucture being built near the Current River. You may—"

The driver broke off with an exclamation. "That couple ahead! They look odd and out-of-place in this neck of the woods. Probably a couple of hikers who have overextended themselves. Let's see if we can help."

Pulling to a stop beside the two forlorn figures, the driver asked: "You folks need a lift?"

The man came over and leaned against the truck. His companion, a woman who appeared to be in her early 60s, waited apprehensively by the side of the road.

"Yes, we've about had it," said the man whose thin, sensitive face bore deep lines of fatigue. "We'd hoped to reach Ellington in time to catch the afternoon bus to the superway."

"Where are you headed?"

"Back to Minneapolis."

"Minneapolis! What in the name of President Norcross are you doing down here in the hills?"

"I had—I have—about 25 acres of retirement property over in a place called Pleasant Valley. We had to hike over and were not quite prepared for what we found."

"Yes, I know," the driver interrupted. "The road is washed out, the creek is drying up, and the trees are dying."

The woman came over to stand beside the man, placing her arm around his waist. "Yes," she said, "I'm afraid things haven't turned out very well for us."

The driver's face hardened. "All right. I can give you a lift to the town limits. But you'll have to ride in the trailer. I'm loaded with garbage bricks and it won't be very pleasant back there in the dark. But it will beat walking."

A few minutes later, Alice and Joel Blake alighted at the end of the town's main street. Paul noticed that entrance to the street was blocked by a brick wall and a sign which



read: "PEDESTRIANS ONLY." Underneath the sign someone had scrawled "NO SMOKING ALLOWED."

ITEM: Getting no kick out of the new semicigs, my friend? Want to tickle your precious little lungs with something more deeply satisfying to hasten your journey through life? Well, just go to the nearest window. Throw it open. And take a deep breath. Now isn't that better, baby?—Selected Works of The Pottstown Prophet, ed. E. N. Curlin (Century Town, Ill.: Mo-Tee Printshop, 1984), page 46.

The road turned to gravel and wound between hills showing the first hint of spring. The trucker drove like a man possessed.

"It is hard to hold one of these things down after you become used to '90 miles per on the super," he said.

A valley spread out below them. Paul saw the glint of a winding stream and the gray line of a limestone bluff in the distance.

"Spring-fed river, cold and clear," the driver said. "The Prophet says you can still drink it."

"The Prophet?"

"That's where we're headed. Didn't you know? There's his house on the side of the hill."

CHAPTER

8

THE MAN called The Prophet was baking bread in a coke oven on the lawn of a rambling house on the hillside. Other men were at work on new buildings farther up the slope. The entire settlement seemed as much a part of the Ozark landscape as the outcroppings of ancient rock, the groves of budding trees, and the new green lawn.

"I've been expecting you," the aged man said when Paul and his son approached. "You are most welcome here."

"It's kind of you to be so hospitable," Paul said, attempting to regain his breath. The short climb uphill from the truck had been difficult.

"My bread will be ready soon," The Prophet said. "Then I shall see that my hospitality takes a more tangible form."

He resembled a man chiseled out of wood, Paul thought. Big hickory hands, high arthritic knuckles perched—almost as though they were carved—on a hickory walking stick. And his face, broad and furrowed, was of knotty oak-stained brown.

In his day, The Prophet had acknowledged—no, had proclaimed—that he was a fanatic of the ultimate order. Some had called him The Preacher, but he had never stood in a pulpit, although invited to do so many times. He had refused to speak at public gatherings unless they were held out of doors; nor would he participate in seminars or panel shows. He had served numerous short jail sentences for "disturbing the peace and tranquillity of a neighborhood."

He spent his time behind bars in complete silence after explaining to guards and fellow prisoners that he devoutly believed in "saving my breath." Sometimes, he said, a man has to be something of an oddball, in his talking and writing, if he wishes to put his message across.

On the hillside that afternoon, The Prophet bore no re-

semblance to the pictures and paintings Paul had seen. He was an old man in blue jeans and lumberjack shirt who led them through a door that opened and closed with an audible hiss of air. A tree grew from the floor of the large room where the trucker deposited their luggage. It was a place of sunshine and shadows relieved by picture windows that looked out on miniature hothouses where bright flowers grew.

Jon hurried to one of the windows and looked out on a glass-covered plot of tropical orchids. He leaned against the window, drinking in the beauty before his eyes.

"I am sure that Jon will not need a filter mask here," The Prophet said, smiling. "The air is as pure—well, almost as pure—as it was in our atomic submarines . . . May they rust in peace."

"I have heard of you, Sir," said Paul, "and I have read some of your books. But I didn't know what had happened to you."

"I don't imagine many people think about me anymore," said The Prophet. "Oh, now and then someone may say: 'I wonder what ever happened to that crazy old coot with the dirty robe and the Jesus beard?' Well, here I am. You can call me Sam. That's my real name. Samuel O. Smith. But I prefer just plain Sam Smith. My initials are purely coincidental."

Paul smiled. "I never really knew your proper name. I don't suppose many people do."

Later, they sat down to loaves of hot bread, butter, honey, museadine jelly, and tea.

"It all started back in 1948, I suppose," Sam Smith said. "I was a young man working in Donora, Pa., an industrial town in a river valley hemmed by steep hills. The river front was lined with heavy industry, some of it now 'USA Condemned.' We lived near a steel plant, a wire plant, and factories that produced zinc and sulfuric acid.

"During the last week of October, 1948, a dense smog settled, growing thicker by the hour. You could taste the air trapped by what weathermen call an atmospheric inversion—a layer of warm air that clamped a tight lid over our valley.

"The day was turned into night. The smoke, slithering along the ground, was like a nightmarish invasion of biblical serpents. Many people died in Donora that weekend. Almost 6,000 became ill.

"My father was one who died. He was a retired miner and suffered from silicosis, emphysema, and an enlarged heart. His death certificate stated he died of cardiac failure. The words 'smog induced' should have been added."

The elderly man ran his hands over the rough bark of the tree that grew in the center of the room.

"Donora was a town of black rain and slow death," he continued. "But the toll there was nothing compared to London's in 1952. That smog killed more people than any plane crash, mine disaster, or tornado in history. At least 4,000. More dead than Pearl Harbor!"

"I grew up in a heavily industrialized part of the Ohio River Valley," Paul said. "The time bomb that went off in your father's heart started ticking in my body long before I went to work at Central City."

"Yes, I know," said Sam. "I know your history, Paul. I know about your drinking, about the tragic accident that killed your wife. I know about the boy and his great gifts, and what you have gone through in an effort to save him. It was written, you know, that 'greater love hath no man.' "

Sam Smith shook his head sadly. "But let me continue," he said. "If you have read my more serious books, you may recall that I predicted the ultimate disaster: the killer smog that struck the East Coast from Virginia to Maine, shaking the nation to its foundations, and—without doubt—making certain the election of a man like President Noreross.

"Well, long before that, I went about the country as a kind of outdoor preacher. I stood in front of steel mills, garbage dumps, city incinerators, rivers, chemical plants, and copper smelters. I walked the shores of Lake Erie when it was dead, and I stalked the sand dunes of Lake Michigan while it was dying.

"On Sunday mornings I waited outside fashionable churches in suburban areas. I carried a Bible in those days, and I would read from the fifth chapter of Isaiah to any who would listen:

"Shame on you! you who add house to house and join field to field, until not an acre remains, and you are left to dwell alone in the land. . . . Many houses shall go to ruin, fine large houses shall be uninhabited. Five acres of vineyard shall yield only a gallon, and ten bushels of seed return only a peck."

"Some of the reactions I got outside those churches were startling. Many of the devout actually fled from me as from a plague.

"I have given all that up now, not because I am old but because of this place and the reclamation work we are undertaking. I have exchanged the beard for a razor, and the dirty robe for this lumberjack shirt and denim trousers."

"But about Jon—why, and how?"

"Your son is not the only one. There will be others. This place, as you may have guessed, was a kind of pilot project for the megastructures and areas of reclamation that promise so much for the future.

"Have you thought for a minute that these giant projects are designed solely to save our natural environment? Primarily, they are for people. Most of all for the helpless victims of our greed and thoughtless destruction. Jon Layne is one of these."

"He will live here with you?"

"Only for a little while. In a week or two we will go down river—only Jon and I—to a completed section of an environmental control dome that covers many acres. Here he can live the life that otherwise would be denied him."

A few days later a call came from Dr. Sarah Rogers in Central City.

"Dr. Denby urgently requests that you return at once for hospitalization," she told Paul. "He tells me you are well aware of the necessity."

"Do the state authorities know where I am?"

"Yes. There is a warrant for your arrest on charges of violating traffic-control regulations."

"About my son—"

"He is in no way concerned, although I have told the authorities that under no circumstances should he be returned to the Central City environment."

There was a short silence. Then the woman went on:

"Thank you, Mr. Layne. I hope you know what I mean."

Paul switched off the visiphone and turned toward The Prophet who was standing nearby.

"I'll be leaving soon," he said.

The old man nodded. "Will you tell the boy?"

"I don't think I can."



On the following morning, Paul prepared to return to Central City for hospitalization. This time there would be no Underground Railway. He stood for a moment beside The Prophet, near the exit door from the great dome which arched the room where the tree and the flowers grew. Neither spoke as Paul turned to leave.

As the great door hissed shut behind him, Paul wanted to turn back and wave at Jon who stood at one of the windows. But he did not turn. He could not bring himself to look for the last time at his son. Instead, he rested for a moment against thebole of a young oak tree. His heart fluttered like a wounded bird in the cavity of his chest, and he raised his face toward the sky, gasping.

What was it Sami Smith had said: "Greater love hath no man . . . ?"

No, that was not the only way it had been. It was more as The Prophet had once written: "We are indeed a noble species when we have no other choice."

Perhaps that was it. Man had no other choice than to do what he had to do if he were to survive as the species given dominion over earth. Given no other choice, perhaps man would retrace his blundering steps and stand once again at the gates of Eden.

Slowly he descended the hill toward the truck where the driver waited. Across the valley, in a glade beyond the glass-clear river, dogwood shimmered. Thin cirrus clouds floated in a bright sky, and he remembered suddenly that it was Easter, April 15, 1990.

Beside the path he found the broken limb of a tree and was surprised that it did not crumble away when he lifted it from the ground. Nor did it break when he leaned heavily upon it to keep from falling down the steep hillside.

His path crossed one of the small streams that flowed out of a cold spring. In a shallow pool, rimmed by rock, he saw the silvery flash of minnows. And here on the warm side of the hill a few violets grew near green moss.

Paul did not see one of the tiny flowers before he crushed it underfoot.

For a moment, there on the hillside, he stood looking down in shocked dismay at the pale broken stem and light blue blossom that lay crushed in the mud. □

Your Faith



Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Is God less real than he was 30 years ago?

• Many people think so, but history is not altogether on their side. God is real to different persons in different ways. Feelings are often deceptive. It is possible to mistake a general good feeling for the presence of God. When God is present as judge, we may not feel very good, but neither can we doubt that he is real at that time. A person undergoing suffering may not feel that God is real until he looks back on that experience.

There is little point in saying that God is more real at one time than another. In 1937, Halford Luccock wrote a penetrating essay on *The Reality of Christian Experience*. His first point was, "This is

not a time when it is easy to believe in God." (*Halford Luccock Treasury*, edited by Robert E. Luccock, Abingdon, \$6.) He might have written these same words in 1970.

God is very real in all times. To deeply sensitive persons, He may be real in the wonder of fine human relations. To the morally sensitive person, he may be real in the consequences of a polluted atmosphere. And to any person at the extremities, he may be real in the deliberate intrusion of peace. The major question in our time is not God's reality but our awareness of him.

What is meant by bibliolatry?

• In simplest terms, it is worship of the words of the Bible as an end themselves. This makes an idol of the Bible. Many earnest people write about their deep concern that we "get back to the Bible." They say that any error in biblical interpretation is a great sin. We learn from the New Testament that, while Jesus knew and quoted Scripture, he never allowed it to take the place of God.

We can respect people who put great emphasis on the Bible. Most of us know all too little about Scripture. But we must remember that the Bible is a means to a greater end—the knowledge of and obedience to God as he is revealed to us in Jesus Christ. For elaboration of this point, I recommend the book *Biblical Truth and Modern Man* by Bruce D. Rahtjen (Abingdon, \$1.75).

Why is there so little modern emphasis upon idolatry?

• Perhaps because so much idolatry has been domesticated. When ancient people worshiped golden calves or stumps or living animals, the idolatry was clear. The object that stood in the place of God was obvious. Man always has found it hard to worship one God whom he could neither see nor handle. When Moses went up to Mount Sinai and was delayed coming back, the people

gathered around Aaron and said: "Up, make us gods, who shall go before us; . . ." (Exodus 32:1.)

The false gods that claim our worship today are not so obvious. They take forms such as family, nation, race, social group, money, and influence. They become idols when they take first place in our lives, when they are worshiped instead of God.



OPEN PULPIT

The Opposite of Love

By EARL K. HANNA
Pastor, Arvada United Methodist Church
Arvada, Colorado

IN A SOCIETY with which a great deal is wrong, a Christian tries to overcome the unwholesome qualities of life. If his basic goal is to love, then he seeks to conquer the opposite, which is hate. Or must we say that hate is the antithesis of love?

There is another attitude, even more destructive to love, which Daniel Berrigan writes of in these lines:

The opposite of love is not hatred; it is indifference. When we have learned indifference, when we are really skilled and determined at the business of ignoring others, of putting our own well-being, our own options, first . . . we may be quite certain that at that point life has become hell. We need be no more thoroughly damned.¹

This ought to be of vital concern to everyone in the Judeo-Christian tradition, because *love* is a central word in our faith. Our religious heritage and our experience in life boldly proclaim *love* to be the most important verb in the language, and it is the most dynamic human experience.

The Old Testament declares that we should love God with heart, soul, and might, not that we must worship, bow before, or pay tribute to God. It goes on to say that we are to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Love is so central to our heritage that when Jesus gave a new commandment, it was basically an expansion and personification of the old law of love. He declared that we should love one another as he loves us. The new commandment employs the same verb because there is no greater response which man can make to life and to God than to love.

In his words to the Corinthians, the apostle Paul beautifully proclaimed love to be the determining factor in life (1 Corinthians 13). He vividly expressed how central and how dynamic is the reality of love in the Christian interpretation of life.

Attitudes Can Destroy

Having reaffirmed the centrality of love in our faith, it is necessary to understand any attitude or response to life which tends to destroy love.

The opposite of love is not hatred; it is indifference. This insight of a contemporary mind is confirmed again and again in the teachings of Jesus.

It is vividly portrayed in the story of the rich man and the beggar, Lazarus. (Luke 16:19-31.) This dramatic story in the New Testament portrays the rich man burning in hell because he is "indifferent" to the suffering and needs of Lazarus. There is not the slightest inference in the story that the rich man hated Lazarus, or that he in any way was abusive to him.

It was the "indifference" of the rich man that brought him to the eternity of suffering. The opposite of love is indifference. When the rich man made a plea to Abraham to return to earth to warn his brothers of the sin of indifference, the truth is further dramatized as Abraham declares that they would not heed the warning. The reality of indifference is tragic—and dramatic.

Again we see indifference as the opposite of love in the story Jesus told of the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side of the road when a man had been beaten and left in the ditch to die. These two did not exercise any hatred. They in no way contributed to

the injury of the bereft man. They simply passed by on the other side. The opposite of their indifference is the love which was in the heart of the good Samaritan.

The Gospels reflect again and again the dismay that Jesus felt toward those who allowed themselves to be "indifferent." He declared that when we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and visit those who are in prison, we are serving God. The opposite of love is not hatred, it is indifference.

Some Small Threats

Dr. Vance D. Rogers, president of Nebraska Wesleyan University, observes that there are a few militants in our society who are dedicated to the idea of destroying all existing institutions and who are devoted to being "anti-establishment" in almost every regard. These militants are against the government, against the capitalistic system, against the church. This group behaves in dramatic ways and constantly captivates the attention of the news media, thereby seeming to be far more important than they really are. These militants often are viewed with fear and alarm by the establishment. But they are not the threat which they appear to be. Their power depends upon their ability to persuade those who are normally "neutral" to join them.

Dr. Rogers observes there is another segment of society which we might label the "conservative" group. They long for the good old days and live in a state of nostalgia. These people are prone to build higher walls around their estates in an effort not to be disturbed with the issues of the day.

The third element of society, as analyzed by Dr. Rogers, is that nucleus of people who have the ability to appreciate the lessons and insights of the past and who are dedicated to wrestling with the issues of the present, thereby lending hope to the future. This segment of society is normally small; nevertheless, it represents the magnificent minority which initiates change and progress.

The fourth category, which Mr. Rogers estimates at 85 percent, constitutes what has been called "the silent majority." Its constituents live orderly, respectable lives, but they do not get involved in the issues of the day. Most of these people go to work on time, abide by the law, and endeavor to live comfortable and routine lives.

As we analyze the "silent majority," which includes many of us, we discover how often we tend to ignore the problems which exist. So long as the maid comes to work and performs her duties, we will not be involved in any economic disadvantage which she may suffer. If the mailman continues to ring the doorbell and perform his service, we are unconcerned about his dilemma in an inflationary society. If teachers stand in the schoolroom to greet their children, the issue of how much they are paid goes unattended. Unless there is organized protest and militant reform which demands response, we will go our way without being involved in the issues of the day.

Ways of Indifference

Honest confession would reveal that most of us are guilty of being disciples of indifference in varying degrees and on different occasions. Let us examine ways in which indifference tends to destroy the very things we love.

The intrusions of radicals at the meetings of church bodies is newsworthy. Nevertheless, history probably will record that these militants do not really represent the greatest threat confronting the church. In fact, the militants may be a kind of catalyst that will make the church come to terms with its task. If we were realistically and objectively reporting the issues which are threatening the church, we would probably focus our attention upon the apathy and indifference which prevails in the fields of stewardship, evangelism, and spiritual revival. The church is struggling for survival because of general indifference within the ranks of those who say they love it.

The same observation is pertinent regarding public education. Some militant agitators would destroy the system. Yet these do not constitute the real threat. A greater threat lies in the ranks of the millions of people who say they love children and believe in education but remain woefully indifferent to its problems.

Confronted with a local bond issue for the schools, some voters commented they were going to cut off the upper echelon of school administration with whom they disagreed by voting down the bond issue. A greater issue is the matter of providing adequate facilities for children who represent the future citizens of America. If we are disgruntled with administrative leaders—let us proclaim our love of our children and the educational process by getting involved and wrestling with the real issues, rather than by refusing financial support.

We may be dismayed at the efforts of Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the atheist, to prohibit Bible reading on space flights. However, the greatest threat to the Bible is our own indifference to it in the homes across America where the Bible is never opened and where its parables and truths are never discussed. The Bible will never be destroyed by its militant opponents, but it can be destroyed by those who proclaim to love it and practice indifference.

Another illustration of the issue is the impassioned feeling which can be engendered by exposing child abuse. Such cases are dramatic and undeniably tragic, and society should be concerned. There is another form of tragedy affecting multitudes of other children which is so casual and so undramatic that we fail to see its existence. This is the tragedy of child neglect.

There are children who return home at the end of a school day to an empty house because their parents really don't want the responsibility of being parents. There are children who feel they cannot communicate with their parents and who feel insecure and hostile. Every counselor knows cases where children's lives are distorted by mere indifference. Most of them are not beaten or abused—they are merely neglected.

Tragic as violence, cruelty, abuse, and hatred may be, the greatest and most effective enemy of love is mere indifference. Like the rich man who had been indifferent to the sufferings of Lazarus, we day by day create chasms which alienate us from other men and from God. But it need not be that way. □

¹ From *Consequences: Truth and . . .* by Daniel Berrigan, published by The Macmillan Company. Copyright © 1965, 1966, 1967 by Daniel Berrigan S.J. Used by permission.—Your Editors

Letters

UNITED METHODISM NEEDS 'A NEW FORCE'

News Editor John A. Lovelace's fine report provides the best possible case for our beloved church's need for the prayer and Holy Spirit renewal in *A New Force in United Methodism?* [November, page 13].

He reports that 1,600 United Methodists came from 48 states and 4 other countries to Dallas for the Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity. Purpose: to turn us to our "Wesleyan principles and away from the unfaithfulness of liberalism . . .".

We learn that letters of encouragement came from more than half of our active bishops, all of whom were invited, but none attended except speaker Bishop Gerald Kennedy. But I have the perhaps quaint feeling that John Wesley would have been there and that Jesus was there, according to his promise in Matthew 18:20.

I appreciated Bishop Kennedy's comment, "Let's don't talk about going back to the Bible. I can't catch up with it as it is." My bishop, Roy C. Nichols (I'm an early retired member of Western Pennsylvania Conference) expressed my view exactly in another of your November articles when he called for Jesus-centered preaching and life. [See *Others Wait for Elevators; He Takes the Stairs*, November, page 24.]

Thanks a million also for that scrumptious Photo Invitational portfolio!

ROBERT WHITE YOUNG
Glendale, Calif.

SARCASM, INNUENDO INAPPROPRIATE IN TOGETHER

The reporting by John Lovelace in *A New Force in United Methodism?* is the type of not-so-subtle vilification of individuals and ideas through sarcasm and innuendo that

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1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

one would expect in a commercial politically oriented newspaper or journal, but not in a church-related magazine.

I had not heard of Good News or its publication *What Are Our Children Learning in Sunday School?* until recent responses to it were published. Your reporting of the Dallas convocation has created great personal interest in Good News and led me to decide to allow my *Together* subscription to expire and replace it with Good News.

HENRY B. STEWART
Jacksonville, Fla.

POSITIVE PROCLAMATION WAS NEGATIVELY REPORTED

In an enlightened day when so many are at last becoming aware of and relevantly concerned with the burning issues facing society —ecology, racism, war, cybernation, estrangement—I must admire John Lovelace.

As news editor for *Together* (or any other publication) one is presumed to be at least theoretically committed to objective reporting in contrast to personal commentary. In *A New Force in United Methodism?* Mr. Lovelace does a splendid job of wedging subjective journalism and personal commentary. He must have given many days to this project. How else could one have been so insinuatingly negative about an event which evidenced such a high degree of positive proclamation?

RONALD A. HOUK, Pastor
Shelby United Methodist Church
Shelby, Mich.

COMPARISON OF INCOMPARABLE STATISTICS LEADS TO ERRORS

I was startled and disappointed to read in *A New Force in United Methodism?* in the November issue that some convocation speakers "noted the denomination's loss of 200,000 members and a drop of \$77 million in general benevolence giving last year."

The actual facts are bad enough without such a terrible error.

I have asked Alan K. Waltz, assistant general secretary of research in the United Methodist Program Council's Division of Co-ordination, Research, and Planning, to prepare a statement of the actual facts. He reports that confusion apparently has resulted from efforts to compare

statistics from the 1968 and 1969 issues of our United Methodist General Minutes though the figures actually are not comparable. (And this was duly noted in the preface of the 1969 book.)

The 1968 figures represent combined data from the former Methodist and former Evangelical United Brethren denominations. In 1969, however, reports from 3 of the 110 annual conferences of the new United Methodist Church were based on short (generally seven-month) fiscal periods. All were former Methodist conference which were changing from a June 1-May 31 fiscal year to a calendar fiscal year.

The difference between the 1968 and 1969 reports of total giving—just "general benevolence giving"—was \$77,249,056. But, said Dr. Waltz, "My personal judgment is that the grand total paid [in 1969] would have exceeded the previous year if all conferences had reported on a 12-month basis."

As to the decline in church membership, Dr. Waltz noted that (1) reports from two conferences and from many churches in two other conferences were not received; (2) the 1969 data do not include the two former EUB conferences—Canada; (3) the 1969 data partly reflect the withdrawal of former EUB churches in Montana and the Pacific Northwest; and (4) though loss in membership undoubtedly did take place, its extent cannot be determined from the 1968 and 1969 reports and in Dr. Waltz's judgment was "well under 100,000."

RAOUL C. CALKINS, Exec. Secy.
United Methodist
Quadrennial Emphasis
Dayton, O.

AMONG SEVERAL MAGAZINES, TOGETHER MOST HELPFUL

I would like to thank you for the November issue of *Together*. I had a very frustrating day and felt I just didn't know where to turn. Then I found *Together* in my mailbox. I sat down and started leafing through it.

The first article that attracted my attention was the Viewpoint, *The Love Rebellion* [page 23]. It was like a message from God. Then I turned to *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee* with its beautiful illustration and it confirmed my thoughts. Now it's up to me to carry through with what I read and I pray I can.

Many times I have meant to write and tell you what a good

gazine you publish. We subscribe several others, including *Time* and *Life*, and I really feel *Together* is the only one that is really telling like it is—or should be. I feel like as long as a magazine like this is being published and read, there is hope for our world.

MRS. GEORGE FORESMAN
Jefferson City, Mo.

SIMILAR MATERIAL AVAILABLE ELSEWHERE

I have read *Together* carefully the past two years. I congratulate you on publishing a very colorful and interesting magazine. However, we can get similar material in our secular periodicals such as *Life*, for example.

Together is published for United Methodist families. Therefore, the articles on religion should conform to the doctrines of The United Methodist Church. We are not supporting a debating society on modern theology such as in the article "Today's Theology Speaks to Me" [August-September, page 23].

In your Viewpoint space I suggest you publish the Articles of Religion of the former Methodist Church and the Confession of Faith of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church from our United Methodist Book Discipline.

I am speaking for thousands of United Methodists throughout the United States when I say we demand that articles on religion conform to these doctrines of faith and that we have more of the Bible and less modern theology.

CARRIE SHELTON
Freeman, W.Va.

TOGETHER IS HELPING TO NARROW THE GAP

You are doing an excellent job in putting *Together* together each month, and I apologize for not writing sooner. It is a magazine not to be taken lightly.

Your Letters column indicates there is substantial diversity of opinion among your readers on the problems of today. A letter by a person defending hippiedom and another by a person advising us that wars ordained by God (at least those in which the U.S. happens to be involved) are examples. Perhaps the gap between left and right is almost as wide among United Methodists as in secular society.

Your editorial *The Love Rebellion* [November, page 23], the United

Nations letter [page 10], and the Phoenix report [page 3] should serve to narrow that gap at least a little. These are but a few of many fine features in the November issue. Keep up the good work!

ROBERT F. WENDLER
Boulder, Colo.

UNITED NATIONS NOT JUST AN IDEAL BUT A NECESSITY

Thank you for publishing the fine article by Jefferson G. Artz about the United Nations. [See *A Letter to a Skeptical Friend About the UN*, November, page 10.] Like our Constitution, the UN Charter needs amending, but the purpose and ideals are right and of pressing necessity.

In an atomic age, sovereign, independent nations in an interdependent world is as outmoded as the horsecar, not just from an idealistic point of view but from one of sheer necessity. We cannot imagine the total devastation that atomic war would bring.

Mr. Artz's article is in marked contrast to the November letter of Theron D. Wilson [page 50] in which he relies on war as an instrument of national policy, presuming that force makes right. With its indiscriminate killing, destruction, and suffering, war is the very antithesis of Christ's teaching and negates the power of love.

Let us turn our swords into plowshares and support the UN as a first step in this direction.

MRS. C. L. BAILEY
Lake Placid, Fla.

'SOLDIER BLUE': IMPERFECT BUT AN IMPORTANT FILM

I have to agree with James M. Wall, your film reviewer, that *Soldier Blue* was overly bloody in several parts. [See *Films & TV*, November, page 22.] I am not sure how much realism is needed to show us what really happened, but perhaps there was a bit much. Still, I hope people will see this current film.

My first reaction to it was "Dear God: We haven't changed very much, have we?" We like to

think of ourselves as a truly Christian nation, the saviors of the world, so that we can justify anything we do to rid our world of savages . . . American Indians or the people in a village called My Lai.

Some say we learn from our past history. I don't think we do. If this film points up anything, it is the fact that the young "soldier blue" saw things only as our leaders want us to see them, that it is only the enemy that does atrocious acts.

I hope that people who see this film will be shocked back into the reality that the things of life we don't want to understand we label "savage" and seek to destroy all members of that body.

Thank you for bringing films to our attention whether we agree with your reviews or not.

ROBERT A. HAHN, Pastor
St. Andrew's United Methodist Church
South Daytona, Fla.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN HELPED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

Associate Editor Helen Johnson gave us a must-read book in *The Computer Age and the Nuclear Family* [October, page 23]. Her understanding of both parents and children will help them to understand each other.

I marked many parts that I especially like, but if I quoted all, this letter would be too long. I must quote two:

"We all are products of the past, and we all contribute to the future."

"For it is only in love, freely given and freely received, that we can understand the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

And what a wonderful photograph of Miss Johnson on the Jottings page! She comes smiling through.

MRS. CARMEN McBRIDE
Kansas City, Mo.

NOTHING JESUS TAUGHT JUSTIFIES KILLING

Clarence J. Forsberg's Open Pulpit sermon *Three Reasons to Stop the Killing* [July 1970, page 48], presented cold, logical reasons, aside from Christian convictions, why warfare should be discontinued. Two letters in the November issue [page 50] attacked his position as a "blight of pacifism" and surrender to evil.

We may not believe it is possible to accept completely and live by Jesus' teachings. Evidently most people do not. But I cannot find any

instance in which Jesus expressed approval of anyone killing another person, and I do not see that he made any distinction between the individual's act and that ordered by military authorities.

There are statements of God's approval of wars in the Old Testament, but Jesus said, "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you . . ."

I do not see in Jesus' teaching or example any justification for his followers to kill another person under any circumstances. If I have misinterpreted what he tried to teach about human relations, I want to be corrected.

HUGH P. STODDARD
Auburn, Nebr.

MORE WORK NEEDED? SOMEONE MUST BE KIDDING

I have just read *More Pay and Work (!) Seen as Pastor Needs* [November, page 20]. Someone has to be kidding. Isn't it wonderful that the Board of Missions can interview 29 men and come up with such a conclusion? Perhaps my conference, West Michigan, is an exception. It is a rare colleague of mine that doesn't have a workload that would surprise most of their congregations

if someone would stop and count the hours involved.

I am most fortunate to be serving a charge which takes time to look at and understand the overall job the pastor does. In all too many appointments, the attitude is "he only has to work a couple of hours on Sunday." All these poor brethren need is some idiotic article like the one you published so someone can point a finger at it and then try to add something else to the pastor's schedule.

I have yet to find anyone, pastor or layman, who, if he really wants to be involved in Christianity, has any problem finding enough to do.

WARD D. PIERCE, Pastor
Forest United Methodist Parish
Mesick, Mich.

'BLACK HARRY' REMEMBERED IN WEST INDIES, TOO

I read with great interest Warren Thomas Smith's article on *The Incomparable 'Black Harry'* [October, page 40]. The Methodist Church in the Caribbean and the Americas can supply preliminary chapters to this remarkable epic.

The name "Black Harry" is spoken with saintly reverence in the island of St. Eustatius, one of the circuits of the Methodist Church in the Leeward Islands District, West Indies. Indeed, the start of Methodism on

that island is attributed to him, for when Dr. Thomas Coke landed there in 1787, the work of grace had already begun. Dr. Coke made arrangements for the work to continue and appointed "Black Harry" a class leader. When Dr. Coke returned to St. Eustatius the following year, he found a violent persecution had broken out and "Black Harry" had been publicly flogged, imprisoned, and subsequently was banished to some distant land.

It is generally conceded that the class leader and banished slave from St. Eustatius is the one and same eloquent preacher as the incomparable "Black Harry" of your article.

H. L. CRICHTON, Minister
Basseterre Methodist Church
St. Kitts, West Indies

LACK OF HUMOR SYMPTOM OF CHURCH'S IRRELEVANCE

I trust you aren't giving in to the narrow-minded complaints and dropping your best feature, *Letters From Elsewhere*.

One of the things that contributes to making the institutional church irrelevant is its (ab)normal lack of humor (not to mention its parochialism, materialism, greed, bureaucracy, et al. ad nauseam). If one's intelligence is insulted and his faith shaken by humor, that mental level must be quite inferior and faith almost nonexistent.

Together is a beautiful magazine. Without *Letters From Elsewhere*, though, I shall probably find no reason to look at it.

L. GORDON LEE
State College, Pa.

Space limitations forced us to drop *Letters From Elsewhere* from the November schedule, as Mr. Lee and others noted. It reappeared in December [page 53] and you will find it this month on page 59.

—Your Editors

'PHOTO INVITATIONAL' USED AS DEVOTIONAL GUIDE

I wish to compliment you on the superb photographs accompanying the words to the great hymn *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee* in your 14th annual Photo Invitational [November, page 30]. I use it everyday as a devotional guide.

May God bless you for the inspiration you have provided.

MRS. KENNETH RUDOLPH
South Haven, Minn.

The Inner Man by Paul R. Behrens



"Remember the New Year's resolutions we used to make—
back in the days when we believed we could change things?"

'You Have Bin Took In for the 1st Time and Probly Not the Last by Our Uncle Gaddis...'

Mr. R. A. Parks, Mgr.
The Golden Years Manor
Gatlinville, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

This is in reply to your resent letter regarding my wife's Uncle Gaddis which was incorectly addressed to the county jail of which I am not now or never have bin a inn mate.

You have bin took in for the 1st time and probly not the last by our Uncle Gaddis who will josh you out of your boots if you dont know him and even if you do.

I have had letters from him ad-dressed to all kinds of such places which do not exist or I am not a inn mate of but the postoffice knows better and delivers them hear on RFD #3 where I am known far and wide as a landowner, church leader, and correspt. for the Rock City Clarion to which I am rewarded with a free anual suscription.

But to git to your letter, Mr. Parks, you say that Uncle Gaddis is making application to live in your Golden Years Manor and that he has gave you me as "a personal reference to his character, financial stability, and eligibility as a resident of our fine United Methodist Home for the Aged." Also, Mr. Parks, you say that "while your relative shows certain eccentricities, you are assured he will receive the best of care and attention, provided his application is approved."

My wife Abby, whom is the neece of Uncle Gaddis on her daddy's side, jumped up and down with joy when your letter arrived. "O Hegbert," she said, "It is so good to know that Uncle Gaddis has decided to settle down. I knowed he was gitting tarred and batching all alone and living off

cold water corn dodgers and flap-jacks. I only hope the people at the Manor can make him wear his store teeth and change his baggy old britches."

However, I would betray my standing in the community and my integrity as a leading citizen if I did not point out a few things about Uncle Gaddis which you mite not see at 1st and if you didnt then it wood be too late.

Dont let Uncle Gaddis slip up behind you. He likes to scare people. He will jump out at you from behind trees, doors, and bushes.

Last Easter while Abby was in the kitchen cooking up a big dinner before church time, she said to Little Willie: "Little Willie, after you have shone your shoes go to the upstairs winder and look down the rode and tell me when you see Uncle Gaddis coming for I know he plans to slip in somewherees and scare the living daylites out of me."

But it was all in vane, Mr. Parks. Insted of walking up the rode to our house, Uncle Gaddis come over the mountain and he slipt into the kitchen and hid behind a door and jumped out on Abby while she was mixing the cold slaw.

The reason we knew Uncle Gaddis was coming is because he is very regular in visiting us 4 times a year on Easter, July 4, Thanksgiving, and Christmus which is the big feed days at our house. The Easter he scared Abby out of her wits and ruint the cold slaw and got thru laffing his fool hed off, I made the mistake of asking him to say grace at table and he said: "Bless this scant fare, the efforts of this poor woman, my beloved niece, slave and vassal of the Clutter clan,

whose work-worn hands has gathered these few crumbs together for the nurishment of our bodies. Amen." altho the table was groaning out loud there was so much on it, so if I was you Mr. Parks I woodnt never ast him to return thanks.

But I want you to know that I dont hold nothing against Uncle Gaddis, whom you never know if he is joshing you. I forgive him in the true Christian spirit for telling Abby 30 years ago that she shudnt marry "that hair brain from Rock county who is from a long line of horse thieves and bushwackers," altho that is not true, Mr. Parks, and it took me 20 years or more to decide he was only fooling.

As for what you ast about financial "stability" do you mean has he got any money? I shud say he has, as I have wrote up time and agin in the Weekly Clarion. I bet they has bin a dozen items like the follering over the past 5 or 10 years:

"Uncle Gaddis Goontz of Oak County was over for Christmus dinner with the Clutter family and reports he has sold another 50-acres of timber off his place; also, he says, a Sant Louis firm is drilling another gas well on his back 40."

If you can git any of his money out of him, Mr. Parks, I wisht you wood tell me how as he owes me a total of \$12.35 borrered in dribbles over the years. If he gives you a check be shure and look if he has signed it since it is a favorite trick of his to write out a big check to somebody and not sign it. My preacher Bro. Harol Viktor knows all about this from



TOGETHER's 15th Photo Invitational

'Celebration Is...'

CAN YOU complete the sentence—not with words, but with color pictures? A lad runs with abandon through autumn leaves. Is he cowboy, Indian, Olympic champion, or All-American halfback? Whatever, he is one definition of "celebration"—pure fun!

But there are many other meanings to the word, including the power, depth, love, and richness of the Christian life.

Like beauty, perhaps, celebration is in the eye and imagination of the beholder. Or, in your case, in the eye and imagination behind a camera loaded with color film.

What does celebration mean to you? And can you capture it on color film? If so, remember we will pay \$35 for each slide selected for publication.

But hurry! Time is running out, and this is the next-to-last call to submit color pictures in one of our most challenging reader-participation pictorials.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain where it was taken, and by whom. Tell in one or two sentences how it illustrates what the theme "Celebration Is . . ." means to you.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps on anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1971.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send entries to
Photo Editor, TOGETHER
Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

the last time we took Uncle Gaddis to church while he was visiting us and wrote out a \$100.00 check for the collection plate and didn't sign it.

All his sins, however, are minor ones like going to sleep in church right down on the front row with his mouth open and his teeth out. This upsets Bro. Viktor who said: "Hegbert, I may have put many a man to sleep in my day but this morning the slumbering innocence of Uncle Gaddis was so catching it was the 1st time I ever yawned in the middle of my own sermon."

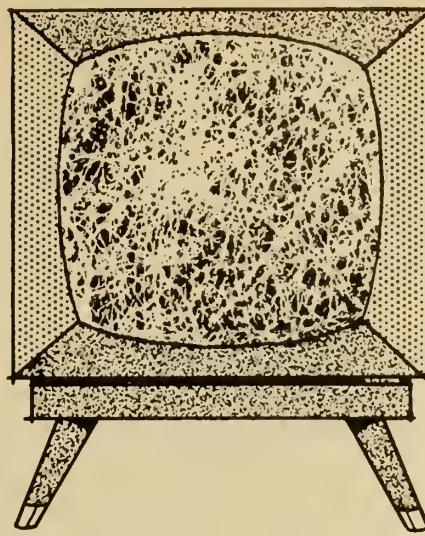
I no more than finished the above sentence, Mr. Parks, than who shud come in but Bro. Viktor who said he is delited that Uncle Gaddis is trying to git into your home.

"Hegbert," he said, "It has been my pleasure to visit three of these fine United Methodist homes, including the one at Gatlinville, and we had about decided to spend our own sunset years in that one but will decide on one of the others if your Uncle Gaddis is there."

Now dont git me wrong, Mr. Parks. Uncle's morals is good. He dont cuss, drink or smoke, but once chewed in what he calls his wild days, however, quit when the prices went up. He is handy around the place and if you have crops or a big garden at the manor he can tell you the right phrases of the moon in which to plant things, especially potatoes of which he is fond of in all shapes, forms and fashions xcept chips which he says cut up his gums.

Before he gits their be shure to clean out any wasp nests around the Manor, or he wont even come in the door. Uncle Gaddis is afraid of wasps, even dirt doppers, since he wont git close enough to tell the difference. And if they is anything he hates worse than wasps it is them little plastick things they serve jelly in the restraints in, and store bought socks you cant tell whether you are wearing them inside or out.

Sincerely,
H. Clutter



Casual Tragedy

The TV
Has made me cold
And poured me in a mold of conformity.

I,
Who used to be
Aware of need around me,
And even stopped in a busy day
To share the burden of another's care,
Can sit and stare and sometimes even
Watch men burn
While I prepare our food to eat.

A nonchalant concern
Has crept into my eyes
And made me see in part.
I've become less wise
And often fail to empathize—
I look with only half my heart.

It's cruel,
But I have plopped my feet on a stool
While life stopped in front of me.

Oh,
How could it be
That I have become numb
To some of life's throbs?

I used to hear the sobs
And cry with those who hurt.
I,
Who used to be aware, alert
To pain on every side!

I should have cried
When Oswald died,
But I had become accustomed
To scenes where life succumbed.

The TV
Has even found me
Nibbling a cruller
While soldiers die—in color.

Distress that deserved
My response
Has gone unheard.
I did not give or grieve—

"Aware" nerves have been couched.

The TV has slowly encroached
Upon me until now, I—
I, who used to be quite sensitive,
Can see tragedy
And eat casually.

—Hope Amelia Barnes

UNUSUAL

Methodists

REX KERN—Ohio State's magic quarterback.

WHEN REX KERN talks about football—a favorite subject—he wants it understood that he is not talking about himself. Ohio State's All-American quarterback, and a 1970 Heisman Trophy contender, says: "Football is not just physical; it's mental, too. Football is decisions and strategy; it's capitalizing on sudden opportunities, knowing the right time for a pass or a run. It's being razor sharp, but at ease; it's being confident."

Just the same, Rex Kern is talking about himself. They call him the "magician," one of the best third-down men in football. And the Buckeyes, undefeated in the regular season, won sole possession of the 1970 Big Ten championship by beating undefeated Michigan 20 to 9 in the last game of the season. Kern's steady quarterbacking and accurate passing contributed to the victory,

earning for his team its second bid in three years to the Rose Bowl.

The win over the Wolverines avenged a stinging defeat last year which ended a 22-game OSU winning streak and cost it sole possession of the 1969 Big Ten title. Coach Woody Hayes had arranged a constant reminder of that loss by placing a rug inscribed with the 24-12 score (and space for this year's score) at the locker-room door. As one OSU player predicted, "We might lose a game this year, but we won't get beat by Michigan."

"It is tough being No. 1," Rex Kern admits. "A coach can get his team up to play the No. 1 team once per year much better than the coach of the No. 1 team can get his team up to play nine times."

In Rex's hometown of Lancaster, Ohio, residents are justifiably proud of the Kern boy's accomplishments. "With Rex and his older brother Keith it was one athletic contest after another between them," Mrs. Kern recalls. "Most of our free time was spent traveling back and forth to football, basketball, and baseball games," she laughs. The family has attended Sixth Avenue United Methodist Church for 20 years; at school Rex, a senior, goes to Indianola United Methodist Church and serves as co-captain for OSU's Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA).

A Phi Delta Theta fraternity member, Rex won a football scholarship to OSU where he has an accumulative grade average of 3.01. Among his major awards are Most Valuable Player, 1969 Rose Bowl game; FCA Player of the Year; Sporting News All American; and third place in the Heisman Trophy competition.

A pro prospect, his favorite team is the Dallas Cowboys; his two favorite players, Bart Starr and O. J. Simpson. □

HARRY H. GOEHRING—Bat man of St. Cloud.

"IT IS ILLOGICAL to think that bats will purposely tangle themselves in your hair," Dr. Harry H. Goehring advises his biology students at Minnesota's St. Cloud State College. To prove his point, he perches one of the tiny mammals on his head. In 20 years there's never been an entanglement.

Affectionately nicknamed "Bat Man," the professor has studied bats since 1951 when a student asked what bats do in the winter. Finding little information available, Dr. Goehring decided to experiment. Near the college he discovered a stone culvert where bats hibernated. His continuing research includes yearly January expeditions into this "bat cave," wearing a light strapped to his head, heavy gloves, and carrying a pail for specimens. He takes a yearly bat census, bands the new ones, and retrieves some for classroom study. Dr. Goehring theorizes that water pollution has contributed to the increasing bat population by causing greater numbers of night-flying insects which make up their diet.

One portion of his research caused an encyclopedia to change its information. The false data indicated a bat could not take off from a flat surface, which the professor disproves for his students each year.

Two decades of bat research will be carried on by assistant professor of biology Dr. David Mork when his famed "bat man" predecessor retires next June. Then the Goehrings, members of St. Cloud's First United Methodist Church, plan a coast-to-coast trailering tour. □





EUNICE MEADOWS—Carver of tulipwood.

"THE GOOD Lord put us on this earth to do something," Eunice McDonald Meadows firmly insists. The vivacious octogenarian practices what she preaches. After a half century as teacher and professional artist, she crowned her years of activity by creating a set of hand-carved altar panels for her alma mater, United Methodist-related Athens College in Athens, Alabama.

While head of the art department at Alderson-Broaddus College in West Virginia, she had eyed a slab of tulipwood, dusty and forgotten in a corner. "Someday that is going to be a piece of religious art," she dreamed. She planned the ascending Christ with outstretched hand as her central theme and the chips began to fly. Twelve years later after hours of loving labor, she completed 13 panels. Professional art appraisers evaluated her work at \$17,000.

Donated by the artist's son, Dr. Paul Meadows, the carvings grace the altar, pulpit, lectern, and baptismal font in Athens College Founders Hall. The building, built in 1842, has been designated for preservation by the United States Department of the Interior.

Daughter of a Methodist circuit rider, Mrs. Meadows has retired in Florida where she is active in the First United Methodist Church of Coral Gables. Recently she returned to her alma mater to supervise the installation of her carvings and reign as guest of honor at the dedication ceremony. In the midst of admiration and praise, the modest artist emphasized the message of the carvings: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." □



Teens

By DALE WHITE

OF ALL the drugs kids abuse, marijuana seems to be gaining popularity fastest. In high schools all over the country its use is spreading like wildfire. More and more we hear from young people like this girl:

"I am a 17-year-old girl, and I have a happy, stable, close-knit home. I attend church regularly; even, sing in the choir with great joy. I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and truly love him. I am in school, involved in many organizations and activities.

"I fell in love with a boy last year, but love failed. Since then I have smoked 'pot.' I used to be withdrawn from society and my family. Now, I have the most popular friends and am getting top marks in school. Few people know I smoke. Thus, you see, everything is a front. I feel that if I stop, things will return to what they used to be, and I don't want that to happen.

"When I smoke I feel close to my God and believe where I never cared before. Frankly, I don't want to stop because everything I've come to be and have achieved will mean nothing."

Marijuana, like alcohol, is the kind of drug which often gets all kinds of myths and magical properties associated with it. It is a mild tranquilizer so it can deaden self-consciousness and sometimes help a shy person to socialize. It gives a temporary sense of well-being, so the pain of grief or anxiety is sometimes eased a bit. It is a mild hallucinogen so a daydreamy sense of "peace" is often created by it.

These qualities allow marijuana to be given meaning far beyond its real worth. Kids tell me: "Grass is like warm friendship held tight in your hand." . . . "It is an honor to be invited to smoke grass because it shows the person really trusts you and knows you are a sensitive human being." . . . "Grass is so much better than booze; you don't do stupid things and end up throwing up all over the place." . . . "Grass really turns you on to life—you groove with nature and with God."

Unfortunately, drugs which can

make you feel good and which take on magical meanings can also get you hooked. Marijuana is not addicting, but you can get psychologically hooked on it.

This girl shows how psychological dependency works: pot made her feel good when she was grieving over the loss of her boyfriend. Now she gives the drug credit. But grief is like a wound, which heals with time if you let it. She did the grief work, not the drug. She was withdrawn; now she has wonderful friends. She is afraid to stop smoking for fear all her friends will leave; but she won the friends out of her own efforts and winning ways. The drug only gave her Dutch courage enough to get started at it. Aspirins could have done the same if she believed in them as much.

She is feeling that all her accomplishments are phony because she got them through magic. She didn't, really. Everything was her own doing. She just needs to see the power is hers, not the drug's. All her solid achievements will be there when she quits smoking, and all her problems as well.

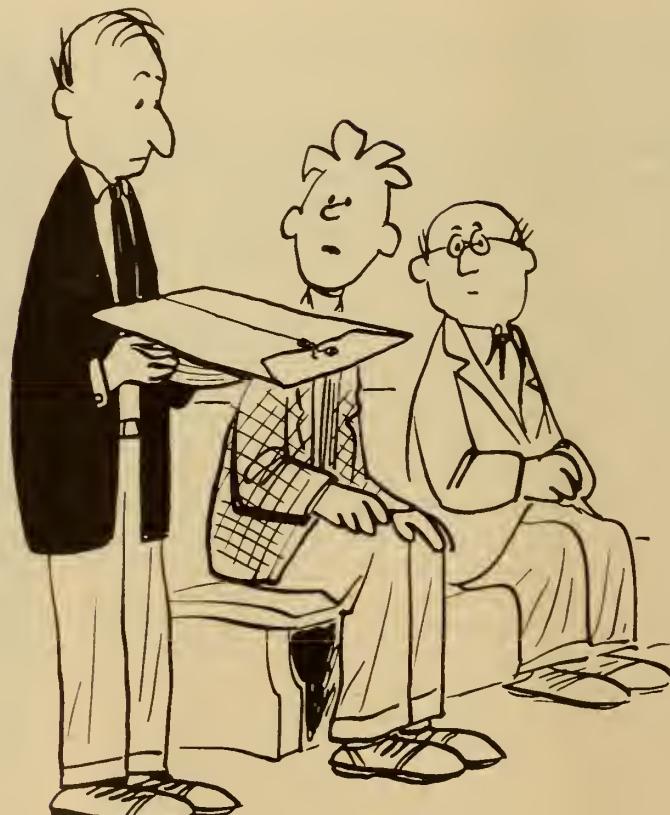
She may need professional help to get this all straightened out. Marijuana is tricky that way.

Q2

I am a 17-year-old girl with a difficult problem. My father is a minister. As all ministers do, he takes quite a lot from people that others would never stand for. I have seen some of this firsthand and it has made me very bitter. The biggest shock is that people who lead others to think that they are good Christians are the very first ones to cause trouble and hurt others.

My idea of a Christian has diminished greatly. I am not a Christian because seeing this has built such a big barrier between myself, church, and God that nothing seems to break it down. I have talked to other ministers about it, and they have spent hours talking and praying with me, but it doesn't seem to have helped any. I tried to pray about it myself, but I am so bitter that I end up spitting on my own words. I would appreciate any help you could give me.—J.S.

I am intrigued by the number of preachers' daughters I meet who swore they would never marry o



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I've been won over to envelope-giving."

minister, but who ended up as happy minister's wives. The ministry is a highly exposed and demanding profession, and ministers' families take their knocks. But the ministry also offers emotional satisfactions which are unique.

Think about this when you are inclined to become bitter: If everyone in church always acted like a Christian, it would mean the church is not reaching the people Christ came to seek and to save. Wherever two or three are gathered together, a difference of opinion will arise among them—and the Spirit of Christ is potentially there, helping them to face controversy creatively and to be reconciled to one another.

Many people are ambivalent about professional men; they get angry at the doctor because they feel he charges too much and doesn't bring instant relief; they fear the lawyer because he knows the deep mysteries of the law and could cheat them if he wished. The minister is the most vulnerable and available of professional men, and takes it on the chin for them all.

The minister for some people stands for God in some mysterious way, and they unload onto him the bitterness they feel because life has wounded or betrayed them. The skillful minister knows how to help people to work through these feelings in a redemptive way. This is what makes his job interesting.

Q2

In a way this is more of a gripe than a problem, but it has been bothering me for a long time.

I'm a minister's daughter, a normal teen-ager in a rural community, and I'm not the least bit wild. But on more than one occasion I've overheard, "You mean she did that? And her a preacher's daughter!"

I'm 17 and I enjoy changing fashions, but you just let me put on a tight pair of pants or a short skirt and, "It's just awful!" or "It's downright disgraceful!" Usually, the people who most often criticize let their teens do the things I'm not supposed to do.

I think it should be taken into consideration that a teen is a teen, and the parent's profession shouldn't make any difference.

I admire my father's profession and my father, too, because he is so devoted (as most ministers are). But why must his children answer

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to nearly everyone in town when they do something wrong? Why can't our parents boss or discipline us, not the whole town.—P.K.

I'm with you! I have sometimes had to remind individual parishioners in a gentle way that our youngsters are persons in their own right. They have a right to their opinions even when we might not agree with them. They want to dress the same as their peers, so we support them in their choices. If they get a little far out or wild, it is our job to pull on the reins.



Where can I get some information on what it is to be a Roman Catholic? When a Catholic makes the sign of the cross, what does this mean? I have so many questions about that faith. As a member of a United Methodist church, is it possible to become a Catholic? Sometimes I feel I would like to convert to the Catholic Church, but I don't know why. I don't even know that much about it. I guess I feel it would bring me closer to God.—D.J.

Reading is good. You could ask your local librarian to suggest resources on the Roman Catholic Church. But I think the best way to gain understanding is through direct participation and discussion. Why not talk your UMYF into attending a service in a nearby Roman Catholic Church, followed by a discussion with the priest. We have found this to be an interesting experience and the priests have always been most cordial and cooperative.

Changing faith is something else again. You would need to go through a period of instruction. Unless your parents are solidly behind you, I would discourage your changing churches until you are a little more mature.



I have been reading a lot of Christian literature recently, and it seems as if the United Methodists are not doing anything. Other churches, particularly the Baptist, seem to be more actively involved in social affairs such as evangelism to youth, adults, and people behind the Iron Curtain. What are United Methodists doing? What can we as

Methodists be proud of? Our history was great, I know, but what are we doing right now?—J.H.

I was talking with a college girl a while back—a brilliant girl with a fine Christian background. She said, "I don't bother with church any more—I'm into civil rights now!" She had no idea of the prominent role our denomination had played along with other churches in the drive for equality. That effort gave us in this decade an amazing breakthrough in civil-rights legislation. She knew about Dr. Martin Luther King, but she had not heard about the sacrificial labors of thousands of other church leaders, several of them martyred for their faith.

I hereby give you a homework assignment: Go through back issues of *Together*, *World Outlook*, and *The Interpreter*. Write a two-paragraph description of the community service projects of The United Methodist Church which you think are important. Present a report to your UMYF on these. Get the May, 1970 issue of *Together* and find the picture article on Fund for Reconciliation projects [page 29]. Make a display for your church bulletin board. Ask your minister where you can get information on your local Fund for Reconciliation projects to add to your report. O.K.?



Whenever I feel that my parents are neglecting me, I say to myself, "I am not alone, for God is with me." But how can God raise a 16-year-old? Can he? I would like to believe this, but it seems practically impossible. Yet, with God all things are possible.

As of now my parents have pretty much let me grow up by myself. And here I am on the verge of adulthood, and I don't feel that I am ready for it. My parents never told me about sex. I mention this because I feel that if we could have discussed this difficult subject, we could have discussed others, also. Like college, school activities, religion, dating, love, and marriage. It's like having no parents. I am alone, but God is with me. Surely there still is hope, isn't there?—D.A.

God can probably raise a 16-year-old, but I imagine he would like the parents to help out once in a while. Your parents seem to have forgotten that. I think teen-agers

should learn the fine art of confrontation in love. It means levelling with parents about how you feel; not in anger, but in a straightforward announcement: "I am really feeling neglected these days! I know you care about me, but I need time to talk to you about a lot of things."

Take a look at *Between Parents and Teenagers*, by Dr. Haim G. Ginott (MacMillan, \$5.95). He has a lot of good ideas about how to express your honest feelings without turning everybody off. Your church, school, or public library should have a copy.



We are two common teen-agers. We have a problem with boys. It seems all the other girls have boyfriends. There are six popular girls and others that get boyfriends like mad, but we can't! We dress as neat as we can and are well groomed. We act as ourselves and as the popular girls, but it doesn't get us anywhere. We go to all the dances and parties, but boys don't pay any attention to us. Tell us what to do. Please answer now!—P.M. & K.W.

You sound desperate. Relax! Boys don't like too-eager girls because they scare them. Do you have a young, understanding teacher who would be willing to give you some pointers? Someone who knows you and knows the school situation intimately could give the best help. How about a recent graduate who may go to your church? It needs to be someone you can trust to be frank with you, yet not blab to anyone else.



I am 18 and I have a terrific problem: myself. The girl I am going with whom I shall call Jill is in love with me as I am with her. We have been going steady for almost a year. We have recently made plans for our future.

The problem is the waiting. Jill and I both have a hard time restraining our affections for one another. When we go out, we always seem to end up parking on a deserted street somewhere. Our emotions get carried away and then heavy petting sets in. I have never gone all the way with Jill, but if I don't figure out a way to

keep us from parking, it is bound to happen. Last night while out on a date my petting went just a little further. Jill cried out that she hated herself and didn't want to live any longer. This is when I start worrying.

Please help me figure out some way not to want to park.—S.O.S.

It sounds as though you are caught in the circular trap which trips up some young people of very high moral standards. They grow up thinking of sex as an evil force which they try to push out of their lives. But this sex rejection merely pushes sex underground where it takes on a kind of compulsive character all the harder to control.

Then a kind of ritual sets in of brave resolutions of abstinence, compulsive sexual acting out, self-hatred and self-rejection, and new resolutions of abstinence. All this begins to look like the neurosis the alcoholic suffers from rather than the struggle of a free Christian conscience.

I'd say make a radical change in your dating patterns. As long as you are caught in this cycle, you will find yourselves blindly acting it out any time you have long hours of privacy. So you will have to settle for group dating, family gatherings, long daylight walks in public places, and the like. A few sessions with a professional counselor could help.



I am a girl, 13. Every time a boy, whom I like very much, looks at me, my stomach feels funny. Am I in love?—B.P.

Sure sounds like it. But love comes in many shapes and sizes. Yours is the 13-year-old-flipping-over-a-boy-the-first-time kind of love. It is an especially painful-delightful kind. It doesn't call for you to get involved 'way over your head. Nothing may ever come of it. But living through it can help you to grow up to more mature kinds of love later.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

—Your Editors



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MISCELLANEOUS

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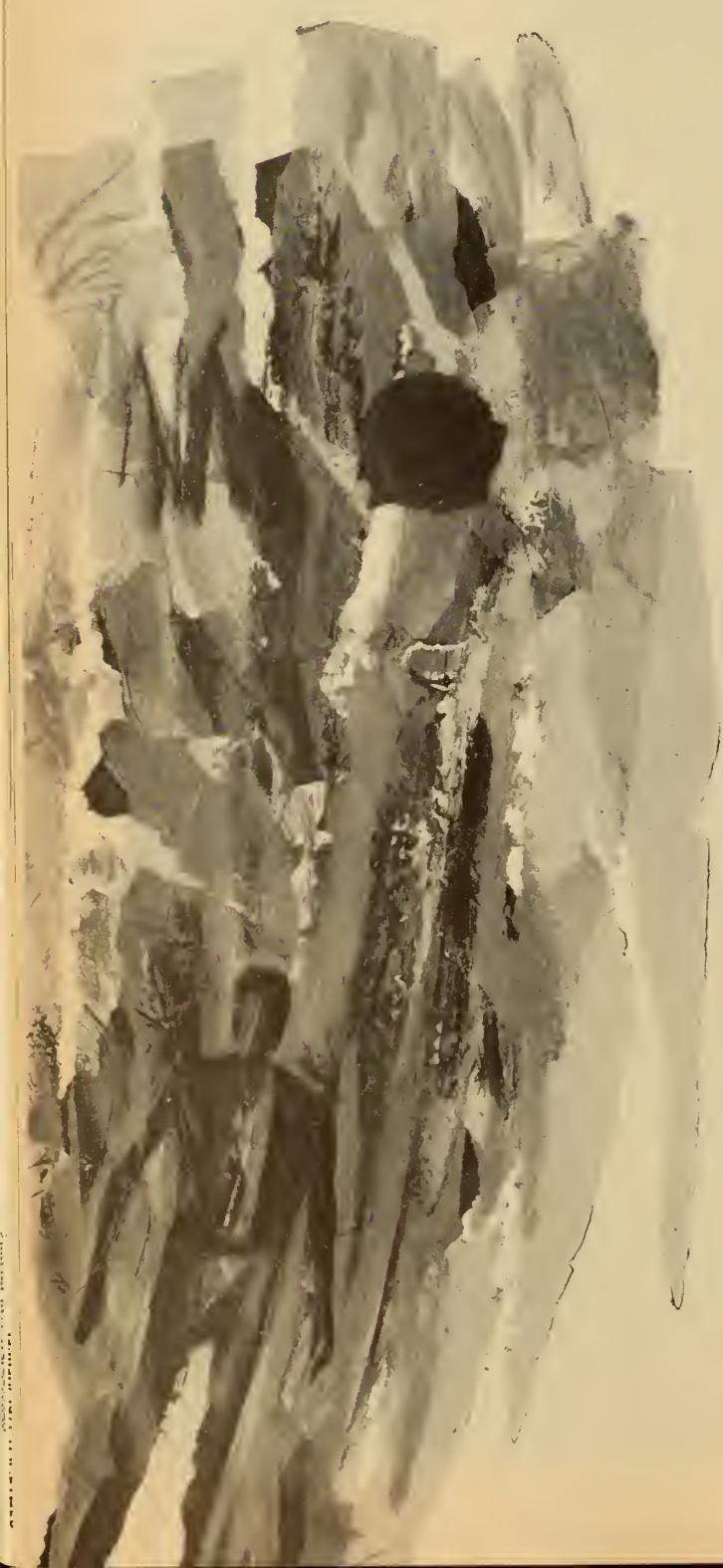
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The Church as It Should Be



• One night recently I saw the church as it should be. No, I was not in a sanctuary. A long flight of stairs took me to the meeting place, and a smoke screen shrouded the speaker's stand. As I sat on a hard folding chair, people moved back and forth to the coffeepot while others spoke from the podium. A radiance was on their faces, and I saw love in that room. I saw the concern of one person for another, and I heard the name of God spoken with reverence and appreciation.

It was "pin night" at a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. Recognition was given to members who had maintained sobriety for three months, six months, one year, and as long as 25 years. Each person who received a pin gave testimony to what God had done in his or her life. Each one expressed thanks for help from other members of the group.

Their secret is that they have a common problem. Each one admits powerlessness over alcohol. Each one understands the other's malady. Together they do all they can, with God's help, to assist the newcomer, the less strong, the backslider. Their inspiration is an awareness that "there, but for the grace of God, go I."

This is the way the church began, each person recognizing himself as a sinner in need of grace. We seem no longer to know this. Confessing that we are sinners would be confessing weakness. We seem fearful of telling others what God has done for us. We fail to share our love with the newcomer, the less strong, and the backslider. We are likely to say of a person, "He got himself into that mess, let him get himself out." Or "Let the minister take care of him; that's what he gets paid for."

Outsiders observed the first-century church and said, "Look how those Christians love one another." At a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous I saw what that really means. My hope is that this might be said of the church of my generation.

—C. R. Nicholas

BOOKS

DURING MY early days in college I was still naive enough to believe that the way historians wrote history was the way it had happened. College freshmen are a lot smarter now, but it took me one news-writing course to learn differently.

No two witnesses ever report the same event the same way. Add the historian's own personal blinders, the conflicts and gaps in the records, the difficulty of trying to re-create the mood of an era that is gone, and you begin to see how wide the margin for error really is.

And people who were there when history happened don't always add much. Besides being limited by their own experience, they have the very human tendency to protect their own vanity and the reputation of the people they were close to. But we have an exception. Albert Speer was only 28 when Adolf Hitler made him his personal architect, then jumped him to Germany's World War II minister of production to become second only to the Führer. Speer has done an incredible job of writing history in *Inside the Third Reich* (Macmillan, \$12.50). Undoubtedly this completely absorbing memoir benefits from the perspective Speer gained while he was serving a 20-year sentence for war crimes, but it is indicative of his objectivity that even during the Nuremberg Trial he was the only defendant to admit to his share of the crimes with which the Third Reich was charged.

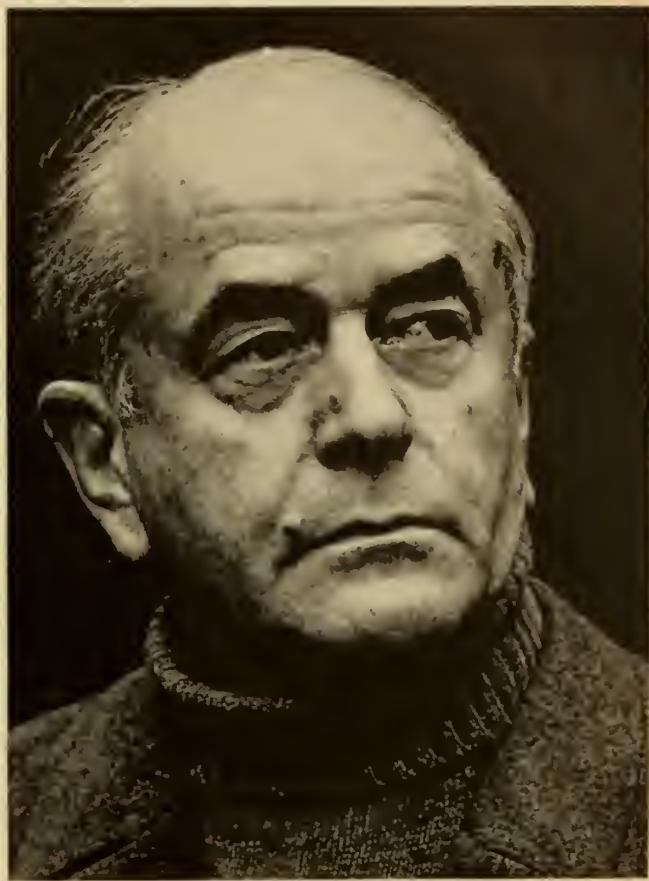
Young and ambitious, he was excited when Hitler made him his architectural protege, challenged when he was given surprisingly free rein to redesign the heart of Berlin in the Nazi image. At first he thought the Führer offered him genuine friendship, and he endured long and boring hours in the company of the small group of intimates Hitler surrounded himself with.

He was to learn that the ordinary-looking man who held almost total power over the German people and was reaching out to grasp the rest of the world was actually very dull and uninteresting, with commonplace tastes, no ability to feel any affection for anybody, and an amateurish desire to be his own expert on everything. Thus, within himself Adolf Hitler carried his own destruction.

TOGETHER's picture editor George Miller and I have both been fascinated by Speer's book, and have talked it over to the point where now it is hard to sort out which impressions are George's and which are mine. Both of us were caught by the personal portraits of Hitler and the men to whom he gave power; by Speer's incisive criticism of Allied bombing strategy—he says it was effective only when it turned from destroying cities and concentrated on the chemical industry; and by Speer's retrospective criticism of his own architectural designs.

We can learn a lot from *Inside the Third Reich*. George says he believes revolutionaries of the right and the left should take special warning from Speer's descriptions of the beginning of Hitler's power over him and his own willingness at the time to overlook the evils he knew existed.

"At this initial stage," Speer writes, "my guilt was



Once Hitler's close companion—in fact, at one time second in rank only to the Führer himself in the Nazi hierarchy—Albert Speer served a 20-year prison sentence for war crimes, emerged with a remarkable, clear-eyed view of what went on *Inside the Third Reich*.

as grave as it was at the end of my work for Hitler. For being in a position to know and nevertheless shunning knowledge creates direct responsibility for the consequence—from the very beginning."

You must have noticed that the central theme of this issue is the earth that is the Lord's—and what we people have done to it. There is no end to the number of current books on environment, pollution, population, and conservation, and they vary from terrifying to hopeful.

Loren Eiseley is a rare and beautiful mixture of scientist, writer, and humanist, and every one of his books is an event. In *The Invisible Pyramid* (Scribner, \$6.95) he explores the nature of man, our conception of time, and our first intrusion into

space. Here is a statement of faith that seeks out the poet in us.

Future Shock (Random House, \$8.95) has shot high up on the best-seller lists, partly because it offers insight into how and why the suddenness of change is having such a dramatic influence on our life-styles, our ability to make rational decisions, and even our health, and partly, I think, because Alvin Toffler assumes that we are going to survive the collision with tomorrow and go on to a future that will be better than the one reflected by *Lost Dominion*, in this issue [page 25]. Many of **TOGETHER's** readers, particularly younger ones, are going to live long enough to find out which is right.

The writer of Psalm 8 wrote, wonderringly: "O Lord . . . what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Then, later: "Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." United Presbyterian minister Frederick Elder deals with these contrasting views in **Crisis in Eden** (Abingdon, \$3.95). This is a religious study of man and his environment in which the author urges the church to lead the way to a new ecological balance between man and his surroundings.

Some critics of Judeo-Christian culture charge that we have a mistaken understanding of man's relationship to the earth and its living creatures that goes directly back to Genesis. And so it is interesting to find refutation of that in **This Little Planet** (Scribners, \$5.95). Edited by Michael Hamilton, canon of the Washington Cathedral, this book teams three scientists and three theologians for a consideration of the scientific and religious aspects of the environmental crisis we find ourselves in now.

It is a grim overview in **Terracide** (Little, Brown, \$7.95). This is both a study of the history of pollution and a plea for an end to its destruction. Author Ron M. Linton was chairman of a Task Force on Environmental Health and Related Problems that was set up by the secretary of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, and he is a consultant, now, on urban and environmental problems. He is a surprisingly interesting writer for a man with this kind of background. This book will not bore you.

Gordon Rattray Taylor, who calls the roll of our sins against the environment in **The Doomsday Book** (World, \$7.95), believes we are going to surmount most of the dangers we

have created for ourselves, but at tremendous cost and by a very narrow margin. He is not sure, though: "Time is the enemy. The question is not 'How can we cope?' but, 'Can we cope in the time available to us?' Or is it even too late already?"

If you want to hear more from Sen. Joseph D. Tydings [page 9], there is **Born to Starve** (Morrow, \$6), in which the senator deals with the role that he thinks the American public and the United States government should play in promoting specific food and population programs to fit world needs.

Or there is Willard W. Cochrane's guardedly optimistic view in **The World Food Problem** (Crowell, \$7.95). Dr. Cochrane is dean of the Office of International Programs at the University of Minnesota and a well-known agricultural economist. He believes that technology can produce not only the quantity of food the world needs but even types of food people want.

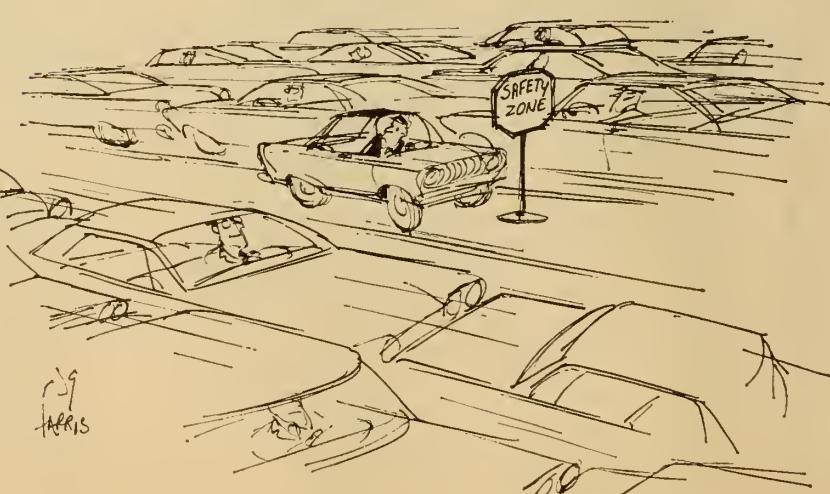
Another expert who believes world food yield can sustain populations until they can control their own numbers is Father Arthur McCormack, a Catholic priest, also well known as a demographer. In **The Population Problem** (Crowell, \$7.95) he leads off from a statistical foundation that supports his view.

It's all very well to talk about too many people in the world, but we talk frivolously if we do not understand just how birth rates are reduced. **Birth Control and Love** (Macmillan, \$6.95, cloth; Bantam, \$1.25, paper) is an authoritative h o w - t o - d o - i t guide to family-planning methods written with concern for people and religious and ethical values by gynecologist Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood-World Population, and two other members of that organization, Winfield Best and Frederick S. Jaffe.

And we have **Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality** (Macmillan, \$14.95). This long, deep study by Catholic writer Daniel Callahan goes beyond stereotypes to come face-to-face with the moral and religious issues that abortion presents.

Noise pollution—how it hurts, where it comes from, and what we can do about it—is examined in **The Fight for Quiet** (Prentice-Hall, \$9.95). In the section on what to do, author Theodore Berland recommends obtaining quiet by building methods, insulation (rock 'n' roll artists often wear earplugs to protect their own hearing), and legislation.

I could go on and on talking about books on the environmental theme. I won't. But here are four that are very basic: **Silent Spring** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95, cloth; Fawcett-Premier, 95¢, paper), in which the late Rachel Carson woke the public up to the question of survival . . . **The Population Bomb** (Ballantine, 95¢, paper), by Paul R. Ehrlich . . . **Science and Survival** by Barry Commoner (Viking, \$4.50, cloth; \$1.65, paper) . . . and **The Population Dilemma**, second edition (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95, cloth; Spectrum, \$2.45, paper), a collection of scientific evaluations edited by Philip M. Hauser. There is an interesting sidelight on religion in this last one. The contributors say that religion appears to be the major obstacle to mass birth control because it tends to perpetuate traditional modes of behavior. They predict, though, that as religious institutions become more



lberal and scientific knowledge increases voluntary birth control will become, in fact as well as theory, the successful means of combatting overpopulation.

Newman Cryer, who headed the task force responsible for this issue and whose office is just a partition away from mine, asked me if I would broaden these January reviews to include films on pollution and conservation. There were plenty to choose from, and in singling these out I give you only a sampling:

The Noise Boom. 16mm. color motion picture created by William Turke for NBC-TV. Running time 25 min. Rental \$20 from Mass Media Ministries, 1720 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63103, or 1714 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif. 94133. This was filmed in New York City, but its relevance to other cities should be obvious. An interesting part is about health tests that were given to a Sudanese tribe living far away from civilization. The Sudanese' hearing was higher, their physical vigor greater than urban Americans'.

Alone in the Midst of the Land. 16mm. color motion picture created by Scott Craig for WMAQ-TV. Running time 28 min. Rental \$20 from Mass Media Ministries. Crammed with facts, presented with vivid immediacy, it is a prophetic report of where we stand in the environmental crisis.

To Clear the Air. Running time approximately 25 min. Free rental from American Petroleum Institute, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. It explains the chief causes of air pollution and shows various methods being used by industry to improve the air.

The River Must Live. Running time approximately 25 min. Free rental from Shell Oil Company, Film Library, 450 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46204. This one emphasizes man's need for water and the steps we must take to keep rivers and other water sources pure and alive. It was filmed in a European setting, but it describes a universal situation. A river, once clean and full of life, is being killed by man's carelessness.

Little Man, Big City. 16mm. animated color film produced in Hungary for the World Health Organization. Running time 10 min. Can be purchased for \$120 per print from the Center for Mass Communication of

Columbia University Press, 440 West 110th St., New York, N.Y. 10025. The "little man" lives in a typical urban center where poor planning, haphazard design, and inadequate health controls have depleted him emotionally and physically. The film urges united community action to make cities healthful, enjoyable places to live in.

Information about other films, and other source material, on our environment is available from such nation-spanning organizations as the Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, Calif. 94104; the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028; The Wilderness Society, 729 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; Friends of the Earth (F.O.E.), 30 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017; the League of Conservation Voters, 917 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005 (the political arm of F.O.E.); The League of Women Voters, 1730 M St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; The Nature Conservancy, 1522 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; Zero Population Growth, 367 State Street, Los Altos, Calif. 94022; Planned Parenthood-World Population, 515 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; The Izaak Walton League of America, 1326 Waukegan Rd., Glenview, Ill. 60025; and the Environmental Defense Fund, P.O. Drawer 740, Stony Brook, N.Y. 11790.

Other organizations are active on an area basis.

Books can be as mind-expanding as drugs, and if you feel any need to be convinced, just open up *The Atlas of the Universe* (Rand McNally, \$29.95 before January 1, \$35 after). Be prepared to spend more time than you think you will, and be prepared to have your imagination stretched as you move out from the familiar earth to the moon and our planetary neighbors, then leave the solar system to explore the suns and galaxies of space.

Patrick Moore put this magnificent voyage together. It sets off with a foreword by the eminent British astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell and ends with an epilogue by NASA administrator Thomas O. Paine. By the time you get to Dr. Paine, you are almost ready to accept his prediction that: "... before the end of this century the first pioneers will be exploring Mars." In the immensity of space, Mars is a next-door neighbor.

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can lead to communications problems. A friend of mine from New York State found this out when he was trying to tutor a student from southern Arkansas. She had a harder time understanding him than she did fathoming the subject until he adopted a Yankee version of her own accent.

What reminded me of this was The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John (Association Press, \$4.50, cloth; \$2.50, paperback). Clarence Jordan, who had degrees in New Testament Greek, was translating these two Gospels into a rich, earthy Southern accent when he died in 1969. He had finished all of the Gospel of Matthew except for the "begat" verses, and the first eight chapters of the Gospel of John.

Dr. Jordan had published The Cotton Patch Version of Paul's Epistles and the Cotton Patch Version of Luke and Acts. Like Matthew and John, these translations are not "stunts." They are accurate, reverent renderings of the Scripture into colloquial speech.

Herman Teeter got so wrapped up in a collection of columns by a Tennessee newspaperman that he sat down and wrote this review and asked me to use it this month.

"Then there's the one about Charlie Crawford of Lawrenceburg, Tenn., who could see something good in almost everything and everybody. 'He even had a kind word for Big John Kelly's chewing tobacco,' writes Elmer Hinton in his engrossing Let's Do Away With August (Impact, \$3.95). 'He's never,' said Charlie, 'started any forest fires with it.'

"I call this book 'engrossing' for want of a better word. I could add fascinating, interesting, humorous—with elements of pathos, mystery, color, and nostalgia—and just plain good reporting.

"Let's Do Away With August is all of these, and more. It is a collection of the best columns an extraordinary newspaperman has written for The Nashville Tennessean during the past 20 years. The anecdote about Charlie Crawford is just a filler running between short pieces bearing such titles as A Saturday Night at Jack Link's (a country store), Great People, Diz and Roy (Dizzy Dean and Roy Acuff), Memories of a Country Boy, Ern Likes Southern Vittles (Tennessee Ernie Ford), Sorghum Soppin', A Man Called Fruit Jar, and scores of other journalistic tid-bits that have earned Elmer Hinton a mighty horde of readers in middle Tennessee and other parts of the nation."

"What if I'm making a fool of myself? I have to be more sympathetic,

more patient with small talk about things that don't interest me. I've got to play according to the rules of my new profession: be amusing, be with it."

When Maurice Chevalier said good-bye to the stage at the age of 80, he was determined to give as good a performance as a gentleman in retirement as he had given in theaters around the world for so many years. As part of this new life the beloved French entertainer has written I Remember It Well (Macmillan, \$6.95), and it may signify the beginning of a new, writing career. A fast-moving diary of his farewell tour and first panicky months of retirement, it is direct, intelligent, gracious, and good-humored. Like the famous Chevalier smile, it leaves you a little happier than you were before you ran into it.

Fame and Obscurity (World, \$7.95) is three books in one.

First comes a gallery of portraits of the famous and infamous—Joe DiMaggio, Frank Sinatra, Joe Louis, Frank Costello, and other people Gay Talese has "profiled" for magazine articles. Next we have The Bridge, first published as a book, an absorbing story of the building of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and the people who built it. Finally there is New York: A Serendipiter's Journey, written when Talese was younger and exhilarated by the city.

Talese's work is representative of the "new journalism," which often reads like fiction but in its best form is more reliable than the most factual reportage because it seeks a larger truth. Talese is a graphic writer, and my only disappointment with this book is that the personality pieces were written several years ago.

When his fourth child, Peter, was born 16 years ago, Charlie W. Shedd wrote down some promises to him, and they appeared as a magazine article. His children have taught him a lot since then, and so he has modified the original compact into a book. Promises to Peter (Word, \$3.95) is proof that he has learned his lessons well. There is a rich mine of wisdom and inspiration for parents here.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



THE PRESENT CRISIS of the church has with it one very excellent point. It has encouraged young priests and pastors to seek deliberately new ways of communication and new roles for serving Christ. If at the end of the day they have not found all the answers which they criticized others for not finding, the very fact that some of the hard molds of the Christian ministry have been broken is in itself good. If it appears that very little of lasting worth is coming out of these experiments, it may be that the very little is more precious than fine gold.

This ran through my mind as I read *CAST ON A CERTAIN ISLAND* by Roger Tennant (*Doubleday*, \$5.95). The story is about Charles Pemberton, a young Anglican, who finds himself, in spite of great obstacles, the pastor of a flock living on a barren island. His parishioners for the most part are lepers, and he dreams of becoming a second Father Damien.

Pemberton has that strange mixture of simplicity which is the mark of a saint and a kind of naive courage which is probably also a saint's characteristic. Administrators of his church never know quite how to take him, and neither do those who meet him. He reminds me of a few hippies I have met, and he also resembles some of the earnest young pastors who are not sure exactly what they want but are sure of what they are against. Not everything works out successfully but he finds a rock-bottom minimum of experience that assures him of the reality of God though it is not always in harmony with his own ideas. It is a rather strange book without any clear-cut moral or any well-defined conclusion.

Like the people on that island, the reader has a feeling that he has met goodness and greatness, and he has observed real Christianity at work. It is a story that keeps coming back to you and haunting your mind. Suddenly you find yourself thinking of Pemberton in a particular situation and asking questions about the whole meaning of what happened to him. I think that probably Jesus had this effect upon a good many people and perhaps the future of the Christian enterprise depends on those rare and exciting souls who make us ask questions of ourselves and of God without ever being sure that we have come to the answer.

I want to hastily introduce you to *PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY: A NOVEL* by Thomas McMahon (*Atlantic-Little, Brown*, \$5.95). This is not a textbook on science, I assure you, but a real novel. It has to do with a young atomic scientist, his son, his wife, who has stayed in New England, and a girl he lives with for a time. It is related through the eyes of the boy, and it made me think of a few books in which precocious

and fresh insights from a child made indelible impressions.

Maryann was a most unusual girl, and she seems to have brought such lack of sophistication and goodwill into the life of this atomic physicist and his son that she is unforgettable. The portraits of some of Dr. McLaurin's colleagues in this great scientific adventure are fresh, startling, and very human. Some of them are just ordinary fellows, seemingly. Still, we remember that all are a part of the great race to split the atom in a bomb before the Axis powers succeed. A rather sad story, it made me think that understanding human beings and working out their differences into patterns acceptable to society is much more difficult than atomic fission. A man had to have some special knowledge to write a story with this setting, and it came off very well. It is not at all surprising to learn that Thomas McMahon is a post-doctoral fellow in bioengineering at Harvard.

The only excuse to justify reading novels in my job is that they help me understand the age in which we live. For that reason, I turn to *HERE COMES JAMIE* by William Wetmore (*Little, Brown*, \$5.95). I am not recommending that you read this; I am referring to it only because it shows life that is characteristic of the day and how it turns out in the end.

Jamie Cutting is a brilliant athlete for whom everything turns out right. He is a kind of Scott Fitzgerald and certainly belongs to that world. Chessie is a beautiful blonde he married. They have one daughter, Melissa.

Phillips Cutting, the younger brother, has always played second fiddle to Jamie, but he adjusts more gracefully to life after school because he has writing as his chief talent. For Jamie, postcollege life is all anticlimax and he can only make a living because his prep school takes him back as a coach. He recaptures some of his youth through his beautiful daughter, but his relationship with her becomes psychotic. He is finally saved by an automobile accident which paralyzes him, and he is now freed from the necessity of doing anything. His wife looks after him which fulfills the need she has to be needed. So, strangely enough, a tragedy turns out to be their salvation.

What does it profit a man if he gain all the world and lose his soul? This book suggests that there is no profit for the man who never thought it necessary to develop a soul. Life lived on the physical basis insists on running out and bodies insist on getting old. But Jesus said this all so clearly long ago that you would think that by this time we would comprehend, in spite of Hugh Hefner, that giving this a new name and acting more sophisticated does not change the truth. The good novelists are wiser. Putting down life as they see it truly, they find themselves writing more in the spirit of the New Testament than that of *Playboy* magazine.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

David and the Dark

By MARY DUNNE

DAVID was spending a week with his grandparents. He liked the city. He liked the tall apartment building with its elevators. He liked the buses and big stores.

But he did not like darkness. "I always go to sleep with the light on," David told Grandma the first night.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid," David admitted. Afraid of what? He didn't know.

"Nighttime is quiet and restful," said Grandma as she tucked him in bed. "While the sun is busy shining on the other side of the world, it's our turn to sleep."

David shook his head. "I don't like the dark." "All right," Grandma said as she kissed him good-night. She put the cover on Tippy's birdcage, but she left David's lamp on.

Next day it rained. Grandpa and David couldn't go to the park as they had planned. "Never mind," said Grandpa. "There's a good children's movie across town." Grandpa and David rode on a long green bus to a restaurant with bright mirrored walls. Grandpa had chicken pie. David had a hot dog and a chocolate milk shake. Then they rode on another bus to the theater.

The matinee was exciting. The picture was about a brave dog who was separated from his master. David sat in the dimness, forgetting his popcorn as he hoped that the bad men wouldn't get the dog.

But someone opened a side door in the theater letting in a lot of light that spoiled the picture on the screen. Soon people complained, and an

usher closed the door. David was glad when it was dark again and the picture was clear.

But he was not glad of the dark in his room that night. He went to sleep as usual with the light on.

Next day David and Grandma visited some friends in the next apartment. They took flash pictures of David and his grandmother. Then the man disappeared into a little closet.

"That's his dark room, where he develops photos," Grandma said, as they left. "The pictures would never turn out if they were exposed to light."

David remembered how the bright light had ruined the movie. "Well, maybe darkness is good for some things," he said.

"Look." Grandma put a black scarf



into David's hands. "This is velvet."

Oh, it was so soft.

"I think night is like that," Grandma said. "The sun goes down. Then deep shadows settle gently over the earth, like a soft, dark cover."

As David dozed off that night in the lamplight, he thought of distant hills wrapped in black velvet.

The days flew by. Grandpa took David to the park and the zoo. Every night Grandma showed him the city from their high windows. Lights, like colored jewels, gleamed all around. The bridge over the river looked like a diamond necklace. "I think the view is prettier at night," Grandma said.

David agreed. The darkness showed up the sparkling lights.

On David's last day he and his grandfather went to see Grandpa's friend on a faraway street. "He has an interesting garden to show you," Grandpa said.

David didn't see any garden as they came near the crowded houses. Soon he found out why. The garden was in the cellar. There, in the darkness, Grandpa's friend had mushrooms growing, like little white stars in a midnight sky. David was surprised. "I thought all plants needed sunlight." He carried home a bag of mushrooms for Grandma to cook in butter.

On his last night David lay in bed, thinking. He was sorry to leave, but he would be glad to see Mother and Daddy tomorrow.

David looked at Tippy's covered bird cage. He glanced through the window at the lights winking outside. He thought of a velvet cloth spreading over the land. He remembered the little mushrooms growing bravely in the cellar.

David reached over and turned off his lamp. His heart went *plop*. But nothing happened. No one grabbed him. Nothing hissed at him.

Why, the darkness was friendly. It was soft and calm. David's tight muscles relaxed, and he smiled as he drifted off to sleep. Mother and Daddy would be surprised that David would never want his light left on again. □

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After you think about it, put yourself to work on a crayoned picture that tells what Christmas really means to you. Next year at Christmastime we hope to use some of the best drawings in *Together*. If yours is one of those we choose, we will send you a gift that will help you draw even better pictures. Just follow these four rules:

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4. All drawings and written material become the property of *Together*.



What Would I Do?

If I were doing a trick on skis,
Or were upside down on a high trapeze,
Or my mouth were filled with crackers and cheese,
What would I do if I had to sneeze?

—Dorothy Sands Beers

Jottings

We ran across a little item recently which proves something or other. It appeared in *The Rocky Mountain Herald* under a column headed *44 Years Ago*:

FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.—Bishop Collins Denny advises every man to wear a moustache as the last distinctive badge of masculinity that women have left him.

"Wear one," he told 300 delegates assembled here for the North Carolina Methodist Conference. "That's all women have left us. They cut their hair and wear men's clothes, but they can't wear a moustache. It is your badge of masculinity."

The bishop himself wears one.

The above item, of course, appeared in 1926—and how times are changing!

We were thinking about that a year ago when an editorial task force chaired by Associate Editor Newman Cryer began rubbing brains together to develop a special emphasis issue of importance to both men and women, and—above all—to our children.

Between these covers you hold the fruits of our planning—among them *Prayer for Earth*, an interview with U.S. Senator Joseph D. Tydings on population controls, a *Church in Action* report on local groups cleaning up and protect-

ing what has become paramount to all of us—our environment.

In addition to the unusually beautiful color pictures for this month's cover and the 1971 calendar-pictorial, there's a special feature you can hardly miss. It is titled *Lost Dominion*. [See page 25.]

This last feature grew out of a task-force recommendation for a fictionalized story to lure you into the future—20 or 30 years of pollution hence—when we earthlings will have to be more serious than now about husbanding the soil, air, and water God created for survival of life on our planet.

From the beginning it was evident to the task force that the staff writer to handle this assignment—some 12,000 words—would have to be Herman B. Teeter, a man your editors can always count on in the pinches when



an unusually creative, difficult, or outlandish assignment comes up.

Mr. Teeter is a veteran newspaperman and magazine writer who over a career of some 30 years has handled every assignment in the book, from police reporting to feature interviews with celebrities. You seldom see his name in this column because he usually writes it himself (more than 130 times since the early issues of *Together*).

"Big Herm," as friends around the office call him, came here after spending 10 years on the *Nashville Tennessean*. It was there, after an apprenticeship on small weekly newspapers, that he earned his well deserved reputation as a gifted writer who brings immediacy, color, and warmth to any story.

Now Herm has accumulated almost 15 years of service as an associate editor of *Together*, having been one of the first new staffers employed when the magazine was designed back in 1956. He retains his strong command of words, as long-time readers know and as new readers will learn when they turn to his intensely interesting *Lost Dominion*.

Of course many other staffers contributed much to the emphasis on environment while meeting more routine monthly deadlines for other issues. Among them, Art Editor Robert C. Goss and the production staff saw the issue through the difficult and time-consuming tasks of art work, typesetting, layout, paste-up, and proofreading stages required for putting a magazine together. Creator of the intricate illustrations for *Lost Dominion*, by the way, is Andrew J. Epstein, a commercial artist who resides in the Chicago area.

Back to earth again, back from the future and into the past: We were delighted to hear from Mrs. Vivian C. Watts of Waupaca, Wis., who tells us that John Holt—*Fighting Preacher* [see our August-September issue, page 42] was her grandfather. We regret there is not enough space to pass along all the historical material she added to that collected over the years by the author, the Rev. Samuel G. Beers.

"At Maiden Rock," Mrs. Watts writes, "the people learned after a very stormy night that no one attended prayer meeting. When they approached him and said, 'Brother John, we understand no one was at prayer meeting,' he replied, 'Oh, no, there was a good crowd there—Jesus Christ and John Holt were there!'"

Another time, John Holt was driving his team to a meeting when he met two other preachers. "They queried him on his being able to drive a team, the two of them having only one horse. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am not a one-horse preacher!'" —Your Editors

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Rev. Dr. Merle D. Broyles
Currently serving as District Superintendent — Detroit East District of the United Methodist Church, Dr. Broyles has been on many Methodist Boards and Agencies in this country. He was a delegate to the World Methodist Conference in Oslo, Norway, and has had preaching assignments in England and West Germany. In 1970 he most successfully led one of our Methodist Alaska Tours. All will enjoy his qualities of Christian leadership, companionship and guidance.



Rev. Roland S. Fierce
An outstanding tour leader, as our 1969 Alaska Tour members will attest, Rev. Fierce is presently engaged as Recording and Financial Secretary of the Conference Board of Management and District Secretary of Evangelism for the United Methodist Church in the Portsmouth, Ohio, district. A graduate of Ohio Northern University and Hamma Divinity School, Rev. Fierce's tour management will guarantee everyone in the 1971 Inside Alaska party excellent and untiring service.

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